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THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And apply'd to the

Christian State and Worship.

By *I. WATTS.* D D

The TWENTYTHIRD EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44 *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*
Heb xi. 32 —David, Samuel, *and the Prophets*
Ver 40 —*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

LONDON: Printed.

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ADVERTISEMENT
To the READERS
On the following HEADS.

Of the different EDITIONS of this BOOK.

THE large Edition is prefaced with a Discourse on the right Way of fitting the Psalms of *David* for Christian Worship; *wherein a plain Account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this* Imitation of the Psalms, *together with some evident and convincing Arguments to support it. There are also particular* Notes *added at the End of a great Number of the Psalms, which explain their Evangelical Sense, and shew the Reason why they are either paraphrased or abridged in such a Manner here.*

At the Request of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a smaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for publick Worship; he therefore desires, and may reasonably demand this Piece of Justice of all his Readers, that they will not censure and condemn any Part of this Work, without a diligent Perusal of the larger Edition, wherein the Preface *and* Notes *in the Judgment of many learned and pious Men, have given a sufficient Vindication of the whole Performance.*

Of the Use of the Psalm Book.

The chief Design of this Work was to improve Psalmody *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in publick Assemblies and private Families, with more Honour and Delight: yet the Author hopes the Reading of it may also entertain the Parlour and the Closet with devout Pleasure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would request his Readers at proper Seasons to peruse it through; and among 340 sacred*

Hymns, they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory they may be furnished for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

The Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by consulting the Index *or* Table of Contents *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship; though no Copy of* David's Psalter *can provide for all as I have shewn in the* Preface.

Or if he remember the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Line *will direct where to find it.*

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in Order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance; Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part, Common Metre; *or,* Let us sing the 91st Psalm, 1st Part, beginning at the Pause; *or.* ending at the Pause; *or,* Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, *&c. And then read over the first Stanza before you begin to sing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.*

Of dividing the Psalm.

If the Psalm be too long for the Time or Custom of Singing, there are Pauses in many of them, at which

you

you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those Verses which are included in Crotchets [ ] *without disturbing the Sense: Or in some Places you may begin to sing at a Pause.*

Do not always confine your selves to six Stanza's, *but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the Sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn Worship.*

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wish'd that all Congregations & private Families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries without reading Line by Line. Tho' the Author has done what he could to make the Sense compleat in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniences will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing: But where it cannot be alter'd, these two Things may give some Relief.

First, *Let as many as can do it, bring* Psalm Books *with them, and look on the Words while they sing, so far as to make the Sense compleat.*

Secondly, *Let the Clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have some Notion of what they sing, and not be forc'd to drag on heavily, through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Lines come to give the Sense of them.*

It were to be wish'd also that we might not dwell so long upon every single Note, and produce the Syllables to such a tiresome Extent with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Musick, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanza's; whereas if the Method of Singing *were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm with less Expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to our selves.*

The various Measures of the Verse are fitted to the Tunes of the Old Psalm-Book.

To the Common Tunes, *sing all entitled* Common Metre.

To the Tunes *of the* 100*th* Psalm *sing all entitled* Long Metre.

To the Tune *of the* 25*th* Psalm, *sing* Short Metre.

To the 50*th* Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 50*th* & 93*d.*

To the 112*th or* 127*th* Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 104*th and* 148*th.*

To the 113*th* Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 19*th*, 33*d*, 58*th*, 89*th*, *last Part*, 96*th*, 112*th*, 113*th.*

To the 122*d* Psalm *sing one of the Metres of the* 93*d*, 122*d*, *and* 133*d.*

To the 148*th* Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 84*th*, 121*st*, 136*th*, *and* 148*th.*

To a New Tune *sing one Metre of the* 50*th*, & 115*th.*

Dec. 1. 1716.

THE

THE

PSALMS of *DAVID*,

Imitated in the LANGUAGE of the

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place,
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

2 But in the Statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief Delight;
By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

3 [He like a Plant of generous Kind
By living Waters ſet,
Safe from the Storms and blaſting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

4 Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine;
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

5 Not so the Impious and Unjust;
What vain Designs they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

6 Sinners in Judgment shall not stand
Amongst the Sons of Grace,
When *Christ* the Judge at his Right-hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.

7 His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead;
Down to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1 THE Man is ever blest
Who shuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counsels never stands,
Nor takes the Scorner's Place.

2 But makes the Law of GOD
His Study and Delight,
Amidst the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

3 He like a Tree shall thrive,
With Waters near the Root:
Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly Race,
They no such Blessings find:
Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that Judgment Seat,

Where

Where all the Saints at *Chriſt*'s Right-Hand
In full Aſſembly meet ?

6 He knows and he approves
The Way the Righteous go ;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

2 He loves t'employ his Morning-Light
Amongſt the Statutes of the Lord ;
And ſpends the wak'ful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er the Word.

3 He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green ;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams,
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

4 But Sinners find their Counſels croſs'd ;
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies ;
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

5 In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race ;
The dreadful Judge with ſtern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

6 " Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I bleſs'd the Path, and drew it plain ;
" But you would chooſe the crooked Road ;
" And down it leads to endleſs Pain.

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, *&c.*
Christ *Dying, Rising, Interceeding, and Reigning.*

1 [MAKER and Sovereign Lord
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And answer thy Decrees.

2 The Things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfil'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay
Jesus, thine holy Child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the Lord their Pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.

8 The Nations that rebel
Muſt feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wiſe, ye Rulers, now,
And worſhip at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People bow,
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his Wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the Place;
Then bleſſed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the Nations join to ſlay
The Lord's Anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his Laws away,
And tread his Goſpel down?

2 The Lord that ſits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below,
He ſpeaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And ſtrikes their Spirits through.

3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raiſe him from the Dead;
"I make my holy Hill his Throne,
And wide his Kingdom ſpread.

4 "Aſk me my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmoſt *Heathen* Lands:
"Thy Rod of Iron ſhall deſtroy
"The Rebel that withſtands.

5 Be wiſe, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

6 With

6 With humble Love addreſs his Throne,
For if he frown, ye die :
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's *Death, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion.*

1 WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage ?
The *Romans* why their Swords employ ?
Againſt the Lord their Powers engage
His dear anointed to deſtroy ?

2 " Come, let us break his Bands, they ſay,
" This Man ſhall never give us Laws ;
And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the Croſs.

3 But GOD, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls :
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 " I will maintain the King I made
" On *Zion*'s everlaſting Hill,
" My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill.

5 [His wondrous riſing from the Earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known ;
The Lord declares his heavenly Birth :
" This Day have I begot my Son.

6 " Aſcend, my Son, to my Right-hand,
" There thou ſhalt aſk, and I beſtow
" The utmoſt Bounds of Heathen Lands ;
" To Thee the *Northern* Iſles ſhall bow.]

7 But nations that reſiſt his Grace
Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke ;
His Rod ſhall cruſh his Foes with Eaſe,
As Potters Earthen Work is broke. PAUSE.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that ſit on earthly Thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord, the Lamb :
Now to his Feet ſubmit your Crowns,
Rejoyce and tremble at his Name.

9 With humble Love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die ;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealouſy.

10 His Storms ſhall drive you quick to Hell,
He is a GOD, and ye but Duſt :
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Truſt.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſs'd ; or, *God our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

1 MY GOD, how many are my Fears ?
How faſt my foes increaſe ?
Conſpiring my eternal Death,
They break my preſent Peace.

2 The lying Tempter would perſwade
There's no Relief in Heaven,
And all my ſwelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my Glory, and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threatning Guilt,
And raiſe my drooping Head,

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a liſtning Ear ;
I call'd my Father, and my GOD,
And he ſubdu'd my Fear.

5 He

5 He shed soft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In spight of all my Foes ;
I 'woke and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.]

6 What tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood :
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul ;
My Refuge is my GOD.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory sing :
My God has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

1 O Lord, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood ?
My Peace they daily discompose,
But my Defence and Hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To Thee I rais'd an Evening Cry :
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid
I laid me down and slept secure :
Not Death should make my Heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But

4 But God sustain'd me all the Night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my Head to see the Light,
And makes his Praise my Morning Song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer; or, *GOD our Portion, and Christ our Hope.*

1 O God of Grace and Righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in Distress,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

2 Ye Sons of Men in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beside;
He hears the Cry of Penitents
For the dear Sake of *Christ* that dy'd.

4 When our obedient Hands have done
A thousand Works of Righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

5 Let the unthinking Many say,
"*Who will bestow some earthly Good?*
But, Lord, thy Light and Love we pray:
Our Souls desire this heavenly Food.

6 Then shall my chearful Pow'rs rejoyce
At Grace and Favour so divine,
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn, and all their Wine.

Psalm

PSALM IV. *Ver.* 3, 4, 5, 8, Common Metre.
An Evening Hymn.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to Sin.

2 And while I reſt my weary Head,
From Cares and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

3 I pay this Evening Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
upon thy Grace alone.

4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes no ſleep:
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM V.
For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high;
To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye.

2 Up to the Hills where *Chriſt* is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whoſe Sight
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand,
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

4 But

4 But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make every Path of Duty ſtrait,
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet aſtray;
They flatter with a baſe Deſign,
To make my Soul their Prey.

7 Lord, cruſh the Serpent in the Duſt,
And all his Plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy Mercy truſt,
For ever ſhout for Joy.

8 The Men that love and fear thy Name,
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With Favour as a Shield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs; or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

1 IN Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble Worm.

2 My Soul bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Fleſh with Pain oppreſs'd:
My Couch is Witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt

3 Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries, Counting

Counting the Minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow Morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My Eyes consum'd with Grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine Hand afford Relief?

5 He hears when Dust and Ashes speak,
He pities all our Groans,
He saves us for his Mercies sake,
And heals our broken Bones.

6 The Virtue of his sovereign Word,
Restores our fainting Breath;
For silent Graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy Rebukes,
When Thou with Kindness dost chastise
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing Estate,
And ease the Sorrows that I feel;
The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary Days
In Sighs and Groans; and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears;
My Grief consumes, and dims my Sight.

4 Look how the Powers of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine Hour of Grace return?
When shall I make thy Grace my Song?

5 I feel my Flesh so near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to despair:
But Graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is Dust and Silence there.

6 Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all despairing Thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble Moan,
Will ease my Flesh, and chear my Heart.

PSALM VII.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

1 MY Trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My Hope in Thee, my God:
Rise and my helpless Life defend
From those that seek my Blood.

2 With Insolence and Fury they
My Soul in Pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey
When no Deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Dust,
And lay mine Honour low.

4 If there be Malice found in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I should not dare appeal to Thee
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul;
Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let Sinners, and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Dust;
Shall not the God of Truth engage
To vindicate the Just!

7 He

7 He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright:
His ſharpeſt Arrows he ordains
Againſt the Sons of Spight.

8 For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My God makes all their Miſchief light
On their own Heads at laſt.]

9 That cruel perſecuting Race
Muſt feel his dreadful Sword:
Awake my Soul, and praiſe the Grace
And Juſtice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.

2 When to thy Works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
To ſee the Moon complete in Light
Adorn the darkſome Skies:

3 When I ſurvey the Stars
And all their ſhining Forms,
Lord, what is Man, that worthleſs Thing
A-kin to Duſt and Worms?

4 Lord, what is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhouldſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

5 Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts, like Slaves obey,

And

And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

6 How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways:
Of Duſt and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

7 [Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings, thou can'ſt draw
Surprizing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine:
Thy Glories round the Earth is ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.
Chriſt's *Condeſcention and Glorification*; or, *God made Man.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light;

3 Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhouldſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo?

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm.

5 [Yet

5 [Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fiſhes own
His Godhead and his Pow'r.

6 The Waves lay ſpread beneath his Feet,
And Fiſh at his Command
Bring their large Shoals to *Peter*'s Net,
Bring Tribute to his Hand.

7 Theſe leſſer Glories of the Son
Shone through the fleſhly Cloud;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confeſs him GOD.]

8 Let him be crown'd with Majeſty
Who bow'd his Head to Death;
And be his Honour founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

9 *Jeſus*, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 1, 2. *Paraphras'd.*

Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Hoſanna *of the Children*; Or, *Infants praiſing God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is ſpread,
And thine eternal Glories riſe
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.

2 To thee the Voices of the Young,
A Monument of Honour raiſe;
And Babes with uninſtructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praiſe.

3 Thy

3 Thy Power assists their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To still the bold Blasphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy Temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's Face;
The *Son of David*, is their Song,
And young *Hosannah*'s fill the Place.

5 The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
In vain their impious Cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
While *Jewish* Babes proclaim their King.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 3, &c. *Paraphras'd.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam *and* Christ, *Lords of the Old & New Creation.*

1 LORD, what was Man when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
That thou should'st set him and his Race
But just below an Angel's Place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every Beast and Bird submit,
And lay the Fishes at his Feet?

3 But O! what brighter Glories wait
To crown the Second *Adam*'s State!
What Honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born?

4 See him below his Angels made;
See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
To save a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.

5 The

5 The World to come redeem'd from all
The Mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

PSALM IX. *First Metre.*
Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put thy Foes to Shame.

2 I'll sing thy Majesty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To Judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppress'd;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Rest.

4 The Men that know thy Name will trust
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the Just,
Who humbly seek thy Face.

5 Sing Praises to the Righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill.
Who executes his threat'ning Word
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Ver* 12. *Second Part.*
The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge Supreme and Just,
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Dust,
Shall find a faithful GOD.

2 He

2 He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raiſe;
In *Zion's* Gates with chearful Breath
They ſing their Father's Praiſe.

3 His Foes ſhall fall with heedleſs Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners periſh in the Net
That their own Hands have ſpread.

4 Thus by thy Judgment, mighty GOD,
Are thy deep Counſels known;
When Men of Miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The Snare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The Wicked ſhall ſink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known Commands.

6 Though Saints to ſore Diſtreſs are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their Cries ſhall not be ſtill forgot,
Nor ſhall their Hopes be vain.

7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy Seat
To judge and ſave the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.

8 Thy Thunder ſhall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain,
Make 'em confeſs that thou art GOD,
And they but feeble Men.

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, *Pride, Atheism and Oppression punish'd.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Pow'r?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

3 They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When GOD aſcends on high.
PAUSE.

5 Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
"*The GOD of Heaven will ne'er engage*
"*To fight on* Zion's *Side.*

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ear to hear
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in fear.

8 Proud

8 Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the Just;
And mighty Sinners shall confess
They are but Earth and Dust.

Psalm XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

1 MY Refuge is the God of Love,
Why do my Foes insult and cry,
"*Fly like a tim'rous trembling Dove,*
"*To distant Woods or Mountains fly.*

2 If Government be all destroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Justice void,
Where shall the Righteous seek Redress!

3 The Lord in Heaven has fix'd his Throne,
His Eye surveys the World below;
To him all mortal Things are known,
His Eye-lids search our Spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his Saints so far,
To prove their Love and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

5 On impious Wretches he shall rain
Tempests of Brimstone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry Breath.

6 The righteous Lord love righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times: Or, *Sins of the Tongue complain'd of,* viz. *Blaſphemy, Falſhood,* &c.

1 LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Vertue and Truth will fly away;
A faithful Man amongſt us here,
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole Diſcourſe when Neighbours meet
Is fill'd with Trifles looſe and vain;
Their Lips are Flett'ry and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
Shall not maintain their Triumph long
The God of Vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming Tongue.

4 *Yet ſhall our Words be free,* they cry;
" *Our Tongues ſhall be controul'd by none:*
" *Where is the Lord will aſk us why?*
Or ſay, our Lips are not our own?

5 The Lord who ſees the Poor oppreſs'd,
And hears th' Oppreſſor's haughty Strain,
Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his Word in vain.

6 Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not Silver ſeven times purify'd
From Droſs and Mixture ſhines ſo clear.

7 Thy Grace ſhall in the darkeſt Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm:
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Pow'r,
On every Side will Sinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners: Or, The Promise & Signs of Christ's *coming to Judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for Men of Virtue fail,
Religion loses Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.

2 Their Oaths and Promises they break,
Yet act the Flatterer's Part;
With fair deceitful Lips they speak,
And with a double Heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful Lie,
How is their Fury stir'd?
"*Are not our Lips our own*, they cry,
"*And who shall be our Lord?*

4 Scoffers appear on every Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride,
And bears the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when Iniquities abound,
And Blasphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxen cold;

6 Is not thy Chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the Sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A Promise so divine?

7 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
"And make Oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their Surprize,
"And set my Servants free.

8 Thy Word, like Silver seven Times try'd,
Thro' Ages shall endure ;
The Men that in thy Truth confide
Shall find the Promise sure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under Desertion : Or, *Hope in Darkness.*

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain ?
Canst thou thy Face for ever hide ?
And I still pray, and be deny'd ?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not ?
Still shall my Soul thine Absence mourn ?
And still despair of thy Return ?

3 How long shall my poor troubled Breast
Be with these anxious Thoughts oppress'd ?
And *Satan*, my malicious Foe,
Rejoyce to see me sunk so low.

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief,
If thou with-hold thy heav'nly Light,
I sleep in everlasting Night.

5 How will the Pow'rs of Darkness boast,
If but one praying Soul be lost ?
But I have trusted in thy Grace,
And shall again behold thy Face.

6 Whate'er my Foes or Fears suggest,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
My Heart shall feel thy Love, and raise
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praise.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face ?
My GOD, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heavenly Rays
That chase my Fears away ?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And ease my raging Pain.

3 See how the Prince of Darkness tries
All his malicious Arts,
He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

4 Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep ;
Make haste before mine Eyes are seal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

5 How would the Tempter boast aloud
If I become his Prey !
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy so long Delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy Rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his Head ;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung ;
I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
And Vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS in their Hearts believe and say,
"That all Religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men.

2 From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt Discourse proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

3 The Lord from his Celestial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that sought his Grace,
Or did his Justice know.

4 By Nature all are gone astray,
Their Practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's Hand,
There's none that loves his Name.

5 Their Tongues are us'd to speak Deceit,
Their Slanders never cease;
How swift to Mischief are their Feet;
Nor know the Paths of Peace.

6 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

PSALM XIV. Second Part.

The Folly of Persecutors.

1 ARE Sinners now so senseless grown
That they the Saints devour?
And never worship at thy Throne,
Nor fear thine awful Pow'r?

2 Great

2 Great God, appear to their Surprize,
Reveal thy dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath despise,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the Just,
And yet our Foes deride,
That we should make thy Name our Trust,
Great God, confound their Pride.

4 O that the joyful Day were come
To finish our Distress!
When God shall bring his Children home,
Our Songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a Saint; Or, *A Citizen of* Zion; Or, *The Qualifications of a Christian.*

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

2 The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.

3 He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor slanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.

5 His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor.
This Man shall dwell with GOD on Earth,
And find his Heaven secure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, *Duties to GOD and Man*; or, *the Qualifications of a Christian.*

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,
Great GOD, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with GOD below.

2 Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean;
Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean?
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue:
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State he can despise,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

4 [Firm to his Word he ever stood,
And always makes his Promise good:
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attend his Door.]

6 He loves his Enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his Face:
And doth to all Men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet,

7 Yet, when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone :
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

PSALM XVI. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Confeſſion of our Poverty ; and, *Saints the beſt Company :* or, *Good Works profit Men not* GOD.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead ;
My Goodneſs cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confeſt,
How empty and how poor I am ;
My Praiſe can never make thee bleſt,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap,
Some Profit by the Good we do ;
Theſe are the Company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt Friends I know.

4 Let others chuſe the Sons of Mirth
To give a Reliſh to their Wine,
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whoſe Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.
Chriſt's All-Sufficiency.

1 HOW faſt their Guilt and Sorrows riſe,
Who haſte to ſeek ſome Idol God ?
I will not taſte their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

2 My GOD provides a richer Cup,
And noble Food to live upon ;
He for my Life has offer'd up
Jeſus his beſt beloved Son.

3 His Love is my perpetual Feaſt ;
By Day his Counſels guide me right ;
And be his Name for ever bleſt,
Who gives me ſweet Advice by Night.

4 I ſet him ſtill before mine Eyes ;
At my right Hand he ſtands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,
And be my everlaſting Guard.

PSALM XVI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Reſurrection.

1 WHEN GOD is nigh, my Faith is ſtrong,
His Arm is my almighty Prop :
Be glad, my Heart, rejoyce, my Tongue,
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 Though in the Duſt I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor loſe thy Children in the Grave.

3 My Fleſh ſhall thy firſt Call obey,
Shake off the Duſt, and riſe on high ;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

4 There Streams of endleſs Pleaſure flow ;
And full Diſcov'ries of thy Grace
[Which we but taſted here below]
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Support and Counſel from GOD without Merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry Foe ;
In Thee my Truſt I place,
Though all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deſerve thy Grace ;

2 Yet

2 Yet if my God prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.

3 Let Heathens to their Idols haſte,
And worſhip Wood or Stone;
But my delightful Lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

4 His Hand provides my conſtant Food,
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

5 God is my Portion and my Joy;
His Counſels are my Light:
He gives me ſweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

6 My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all ſeeing Eye;
Not Death nor Hell my Hope ſhall move
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
The Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 "I Set the Lord before my Face,
"He bears my Courage up:
"My Heart my Tongue their Joys expreſs,
"My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 "My Spirit Lord thou wilt not leave
"Where Souls departed are;
"Nor quit my Body to the Grave
"To ſee Corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
"And raiſe me to thy Throne:
"Thy Courts immortal Pleaſure give,
"Thy Preſence Joys unknown. 4 [Thus

4 [Thus in the Name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy *David* sung.
And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his Prophetick Tongue.

5 *Jesus*, whom every Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey restores,
Behold he lives again.

6 When shall my Feet arise and stand
On Heav'ns eternal Hills?
There sits the Son at GOD's Right-Hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. *Ver.* 13, *&c.* Short Metre.
Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, *Hope and Despair in Death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the Wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising Rod
To drive thy Saints to Thee.

2 Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

3 Then let his Pride advance,
And boast of all his Store;
The Lord is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD;
And stand compleat in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.

5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Drest in the Likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or, *The Heaven of seperate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their Hope and Portion lie below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their Shares
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

3 What Sinners valué, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World, to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there.

5 O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my God;
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

6 My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound:
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize,
And in my Saviour's Image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. *Firſt Part.*
Long Metre. *Ver.* 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from Deſpair; or *Temptation overcome.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tow'r, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm ſhall be my Truſt,
For I have found Salvation thence. 2 Death

2 Death, and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their dismal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations rose,
And made my sinking Soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning Gates of Hell
With endless Pains and Sorrow there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd to Despair.

4 In my Distress I call'd my GOD,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.

5 [With Speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Churub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning shone
The Face of my Deliv'rer GOD.

6 Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blast of his Almighty Breath;
He sent Salvation from on high,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]

7 Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;
But *Christ*. my Lord, is Conqueror still
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

8 My Song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the Lord
Due to his Mercy and his Pow'r.

PSALM XVIII.

Second Part. Ver. 20——26. Long Metre.

Sincerity prov'd and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my Soul sincere,
Hast made thy Truth and Love appear:

Before

Before mine Eyes I ſet thy Laws,
And Thou haſt own'd my righteous Cauſe.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy Ways,
Iv'e walk'd upright before thy Face :
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.

3 What ſore Temptations broke my Reſt !
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breaſt !
But through thy Grace that reigns within
I guard againſt my darling Sin.

4 That Sin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my Will ;
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign Pow'r
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more ?

5 [With an impartial Hand the Lord
Deals out to Mortals their Reward :
The kind and faithful Souls ſhall find
A GOD as faithful and as kind.

6 The Juſt and Pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they :
And Men that love Revenge, ſhall know,
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. *Third Part. Ver.* 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, *&c.* Long Metre.
Rejoicing in GOD ; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my ſecure Abode :
Who is a God beſide the Lord ?
Or where's a Refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield ;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

3 He

3 He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The God of my Salvation lives,
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

4 Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name,
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

5 To *David* and his Royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend;
Thy Love to Saints in *Chriſt* their Head
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.
Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

1 WE love the Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd;
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

3 When God, our Leader, ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Light'ning of his Spear?

4 He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in array
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.

5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are diſmiſs'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
Strikes all their Courage dead.

6 He

6 He forms our Gen'rals for the Field
With all their dreadful Skill ;
Gives them his awful Sword to weild,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

7 [He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot ;
He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleſt
For his own Church's ſake ;
The Pow'rs that give his People Reſt,
Shall of his Care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day ;
Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

2 'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boaſted Fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their Tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found !

4 In vain to Idol Saints they cry,
And periſh in their Blood ;
Where is a Rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful as their God ?

5 The Rock of *Iſrael* ever lives ;
His Name be ever bleſt ;
'Tis his own Arm the Vict'ry gives,
And gives his People Reſt.

6 On Kings that reign as *David* did,
He pours his Bleſſings down;
Secure their Honours to their Seed,
And well ſupports the Crown.

PSALM XIX. *Firſt Part.* Short Metre.
The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

2 The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;
While Night to Day and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In every different Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye *Britiſh* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word;
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes,
He put his Goſpel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

6 His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 [Not Honey to the Taſte
Affords ſo much Delight,

Nor

Nor Gold that has the Furnace pafs'd
So much allures the Sight.

8 While of thy Works I fing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the praife, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

PSALM XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

GOD's Word moft Excellent ; or, *Sincerity and Watchfulnefs.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way ;
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

2 But where the Gofpel comes
It fpeads diviner Light,
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the blind their Sight.

3 How perfect is thy Word !
And all thy Judgments juft,
For ever fure thy Promife Lord,
And Men fecurely truft.

4 My gracious GOD, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heav'n !

PAUSE.

5 I heard thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, left I ftray.

6 O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways ?

Yet

Yet with a bold presumptuous Mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry Sin,
Forgive my secret Faults,
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

8 While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My Saviour and my GOD.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compar'd; or, *The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess;
But the blest Volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth and never stand;
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the World thy Truth hast run;
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

6 Thy

6 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n,
Lord, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the tune of the 13th Pſalm.
The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 GReat GOD, the Heav'ns well order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name.
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine,
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Pow'r, and Skill divine.

2 From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

3 Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And ev'ry Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

4 Where e'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker GOD:
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:
Thus God in ev'ry Creature ſhines;
Fair is the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is the Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!

Thy

Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.

6 From the Diſcoveries of thy Law
The perfect Rules of Life I draw:
These are my Study and Delight;
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,
Nor Gold that hath the Furnance paſt
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

7 Thy Threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel Lord,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free, but large Reward.

8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain;
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
That I have read thy Book of Grace
And Book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
Jehovah hears when *Iſr'el* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

2 The Name of *Jacob*'s God defends.
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He from his Sanctuary ſends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

3 Well

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of Iſrael's GOD,
Our Troops ſhall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies ſpread their Flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in Horſes train'd for War,
And ſome of Chariots make their Boaſts;
Our ſureſt Expectations are
From Thee the Lord of heav'nly Hoſts.

6 [O may the Memory of thy Name
Inſpire our Armies for the Fight!
Our Foes ſhall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with ſhameful Flight.]

7 Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh Fear,
Now let our Hopes be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy Salvation ſhall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raiſe the Song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.
Our King is the Care of Heaven.

1 OUR States O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
Shall in thy Strength rejoyce;
And bleſt with thy Salvation raiſe
To Heav'n their chearful Voice.

2 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
Has ſpread thy glorious Name;
And our ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
With Majeſty and Fame.

3 Then let our Station on GOD alone
For timely Aid rely;

which adorns his Throne
His Mercy shall support the Throne
shall And all our Wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
That hate his mild Command.
thy

5 When thou against them dost engage
Thy just, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a fi'ry Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
While we glad Songs of Praise prepare
For thine Almighty Name.

PSALM XXI. 1——9. Long Metre.
Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace,
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.

2 How great is the *Messiah*'s Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

3 Thy Goodness grants what-e'er he will,
Nor doth the least Request with-hold;
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory not of Gold.

4 Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temple shine;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlasting Days.

5 Thine

5 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes ;
And as a fi'ry Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM XXII. 1——16. *First Part.*
Common Metre.
The Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

1 WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford ?
(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet thou canst hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

3 Our Fathers trusted in thy Name,
And great Deliv'rance found ;
But I'm a Worm despis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

4 Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to Scorn ;
" *In vain he trusts in God*, they cry,
" *Neglected and forlorn.*

5 But thou art he who form'd my Flesh,
By thine Almighty Word,
And since I hung upon the Breast
My Hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his Face
When Foes stand threat'ning round
In the dark Hour of deep Distress,
And not an Helper found ?
PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,

As Bulls of *Baſhan* fierce and ſtrong,
As Lions roaring loud.

8 From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet,
To multiply the Smart;
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.

9 Yet if thy ſov'reign Hand let looſe
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well?

10 My God, if poſſible it be,
With-hold this bitter Cup;
But I reſign my Will to Thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.

11 My Heart diſſolves with Pangs unknown,
In Groans I waſte my Breath:
Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
Low as the Duſt of Death.

12 Father, I give my Spirit up,
And truſt it in thy Hand;
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope,
And riſe at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27,—31. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Kingdom*

1 "NOW *from the roaring Lion's Rage,*
"*O Lord, protect thy Son,*
"*Nor leave thy Darling to engage*
"*The Pow'rs of Hell alone.*

2 Thus did our ſuffering Saviour pray
With mighty Cries and Tears:
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

3 Great

3 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death
His Throne exalted high ;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worſhip or ſhall die.

4 A num'rous Offſpring muſt ariſe
From his expiring Groans ;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.

5 The meek and humble Souls ſhall ſee
His Table richly ſpread ;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

6 The Iſles ſhall know the Righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate GOD,
And Nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

1 NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in Tears and Blood
As one forſaken of his God.

2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhake their Heads and laugh in Scorn ;
" He reſcu'd others from the Grave ;
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 " This is the Man did once pretend
" GOD was his Father and his Friend ;
" If GOD the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now ?

4 Barbarous People ! Cruel Prieſts !
How they ſtood round like ſavage Beaſts ;

Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Pow'r.

5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Stream of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his Cry;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteousness,
And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

GOD *our Shepherd.*

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd;
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake;
But he restores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me for his Mercy's sake
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

6 The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.

7 How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine Anointing ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.

8 Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Houſhold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1 MY Shepherd will ſupply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living Stream.

2 He brings my wandring Spirit back
When I forſake his Ways,
And leads me for his Mercy's ſake
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3 When I walk through the Shades of Death,
Thy Preſence is my Stay;
A Word of thy ſupporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.

4 Thy Hand in Sight of all my Foes
Doth ſtill my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 The ſure Proviſions of my God
Attend me all my Days;
O may thy Houſe be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praiſe!

6 There would I find a ſettled Reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Gueſt,
But like a Child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the Place
Where heav'nly Paſture grows,
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way
For his moſt holy Name.

4 While he affords his Aid
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In ſpight of all my Foes
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with GOD.

THE Earth for ever is the Lord's
With *Adam*'s num'rous Race; He

He rais'd it's Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

2 But who among the Sons of Men
May visit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Mischief clean,
Whose Heart is right with GOD.

3 This is the Man may rise and take
The Blessings of his Grace:
This is the Lot of those that seek
The GOD of *Jacob*'s Face.

4 Now let our Soul's immortal Pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints is his Delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's *Ascension*.

1 THIS spacious Earth, is all the Lord's,
And Men and Worms, & Beasts and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky;
Who shall ascend that blest Abode;
And dwell so near his Maker GOD.

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And cloath his Soul with Righteousness.

4 These are the Men, the pious Race
That seek the God of *Jacob*'s Face?
These shall enjoy the blissful Sight,
And dwell in everlasting Light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

6 Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour Way:
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell
The Conqueror comes with GOD to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
He opens Heaven's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a blest Abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 1—11. *First Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my Soul to GOD,
My Trust is in his Name;
Let not my Foes that seek my Blood
Still triumph in my Shame.

2 Sin, and the Pow'rs of Hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the Snare.

3 From the first dawning Light
Till the dark Ev'ning Rise,
For thy Salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing Eyes.

4 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;

Forgive

Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways,
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

6 For his own Goodneſs ſake
He ſaves my Soul from Shame;
He pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

Divine Inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the Man be found,
That fears t' offend his GOD,
That loves the Goſpel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Cov'nant ſhow,
And all his Love impart.

3 The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his Cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his Will.

4 Their Soul ſhall dwell at Eaſe
Before their Maker's Face,
Their Seed ſhall taſte the Promiſes
In their extenſive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. *Third Part.*

Diſtreſs of Soul; or, *Backſliding and Deſertion.*

1 MINE Eyes and my Deſire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his Promiſes,
And reſt upon his Word.

2 Turn

2 Turn, turn thee to my Soul,
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand releaſe my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?

3 When ſhall the Sov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving GOD
Reſtore me from thoſe dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod!

4 The Tumult of my Thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe:
My Spirit languiſhes, my Heart
Is deſolate and low.

5 With ev'ry Morning Light
My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguiſh and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.
PAUSE.

6 Behold the Hoſts of Hell,
How cruel is their Hate?
Againſt my Life they riſe, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

7 O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,
For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my Redeemer's Name.

8 With humble Faith I wait
To ſee thy Face again;
Of *Iſr'el* it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
He ſought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination; or, *Evidences of Grace.*

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My

My Faith upon thy Promise stays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

3 Amongst thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well wash'd in Innocence;
But when I stand before thy Bar,
The Blood of *Christ* is my Defence.

4 I love thy Habitation, Lord,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonders tell.

5 Let not my Soul be join'd at last
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have past
Among the Saints, and near my GOD.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. *First Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
GOD is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

2 One Privilege my Heart desires;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my GOD.

3 There shall I offer my Requests
And see thy Beauty still;
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there enquire thy Will.

4 When Troubles rise and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide; GOD

God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM XXVII *Ver.* 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"*Ye Children seek my Grace,*
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"*I'll seek my Father's Face.*

2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life, I fly to thee
In a distressing Day.

3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.

4 My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd.
To see thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r,
Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore. 2 The

2 The Lord proclaims his Pow'r alone
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the watry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

3 He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind,
Lay the wide Forest bare around;
The fearful Hart and frighted Hind,
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

4 To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,
And lo, the stately Cedars break:
The Mountains tremble at the Noise,
The Vallies roar, the Deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits Sov'reign on the Flood,
The Thunder reigns for ever King;
But makes his Church his blest Abode,
Where we his awful Glories sing.

6 In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counsel of his Grace imparts:
Amidst the raging Storm His Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. *First Part.*

Sickness heal'd, and Sorrows remov'd.

1 I Will extol Thee Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodness is;
Let all your Pow'rs rejoice, and bless,
While you record his Holiness.

3 His Anger but a Moment stays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days:
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-star, restores the Joy.

PSALM XXX. *Ver.* 6. *Second Part.*
Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night;
Fondly I said within my Heart,
"*Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart.*

2 But I forgot thine Arm was strong,
Which made my Mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my GOD;
"What can'st thou profit by my Blood?
"Deep in the Dust can I declare
"Thy Truth, or sing thy Goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of Grace, I said,
"And bring me from among the Dead:
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pardoning Love remov'd my Guilt.

5 My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
Are turn'd to Joy and Praises now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Ease and Gladness gird me round.

6 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy Name;
Thy Praise shall sound thro' Earth and Heav'n
For Sickness heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5. 13,—19, 22, 23. *First Part.*
Deliverance from Death.

1 INTO thine Hand, O GOD of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And sav'd me from the Pit.

2 The Passions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a double Strife, While

While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

3 "*My Times are in thy Hand*, I cry'd,
"*Tho' I draw near the Duſt:*
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The GOD in whom I truſt.

4 O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy Sake,
For I'm entirely Thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
"*I muſt deſpair and die,*
"*I am cut off before thine Eyes*;
But thou haſt heard my Cry.

6 Thy Goodneſs how divinely free!
How wond'rous is thy Grace,
To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompence the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7,—33, 11,—21. *Second Part.*

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My GOD, my Help, my Truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Duſt.

2 "My Life is ſpent with Grief, I cry'd,
"My Years conſum'd in Groans,
"My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
"And Sorrow waſtes my Bones.

3 A-

3 Amongſt mine Enemies my Name
Was a meer Proverb grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and Fear on ev'ry Side
Seiz'd and beſet me round,
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy Reſcue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great Deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the Sons of Men!
The lying Lips to Silence brought,
And made their Boaſtings vain!

6 Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
Shall thy Pavilion hide,
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And cruſh the Sons of Pride.

7 Within thy ſecret Preſence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City wall'd and barr'd
Secures a Saint ſo well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sins upon Confeſſion.

1 O Bleſſed Souls are they
Whoſe Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt to whom the Lord
Imputes their Guilt no more.

2 They mourn their Follies paſt,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit
Shall prove their Faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring Wound,

Till

Till I confeſs my Sins to Thee,
And ready Pardon found

4 Let Sinners learn to pray,
Let Saints keep near the Throne ;
Our Help in Times of deep Diſtreſs
Is found in GOD alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon and ſincere Obedience ; or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

1 HAPPY the Man to whom his GOD
No more imputes his Sin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood
Hath made his Garments clean !

2 Happy, beyond Expreſſion he
Whoſe Debts are thus diſcharg'd ;
And from the guilty Bondage free
He feels his Soul inlarg'd.

3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lyes,
His Words are all ſincere :
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward Guilt ſuppreſt,
No Quiet could I find ;
Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd,
Thy pardoning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy Saints to pray ;
When like a raging Flood
Temptations riſe, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving GOD.

PSALM XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Repentance and Free Pardon; or, *Justification and Sanctification.*

1 BLEST is the Man, for ever blest,
Whose Guilt is pardon'd by his GOD,
Whose Sins with Sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

2 Blest is the Man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his Iniquities,
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works but Grace relies.

3 From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that Righteousness
That hides and cancels all his Sins!
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.
A guilty Conscience eas'd by Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep Silence and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conscience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

2 I spread my Sins before the Lord,
And all my secret Faults confess;
Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning Word,
Thine Holy Spirit seals the Grace.

For this shall every humble Soul
Make swift Addresses to thy Seat:
When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest Retreat.

4 How

4 How safe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM XXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, just and true!

2 His Mercy and his Righteousness
Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wond'rous Name.

3 His Wisdom and Almighty Word
The heav'nly Arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining Hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

5 Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
With Fear before him stand;
He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
And rests on his Command.

6 He scorns the angry Nations Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs;
His Counsel stands thro' every Age,
And in full Glory shines.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and GOD *All-sufficient.*

1 BLEST is the Nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

2 His Eye with infinite Survey
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horse
Can the bold Rider save.

4 Vain is the Strength of Beasts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from GOD obtain
A strong and sure Defence.

5 GOD is their Fear, and GOD their Trust:
When Plagues or Famine spread,
His watchful Eye secures the Just
Among ten thousand Dead.

6 Lord, let our Hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And trust thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113 Psalm. *First Part.*

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy Souls, in GOD rejoice,
Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice,
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways
His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2

2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
His Word the heav'nly Arches spread;
How wide they shine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Where all the starry Armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
Those watry Treasures know their Place
In the vast Store-house of the Deep.
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth;
And Fires and Seas, and Heav'n, and Earth,
His everlasting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless Pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands:
But his eternal Counsel stands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psal. *Second Part.*

Creatures vain, and GOD All-sufficient.

1 O Happy Nation where the Lord
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal Force;
Or Speed or Courage of an Horse,
To guard his Rider, or to fly.

3 The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure Defence afford. When

When Deaths or Dangers threat'ning ſtand :
Thy watchful Eye preſerves the Juſt,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Truſt,
When Wars or Famine waſte the Land.

4 In Sickneſs or the bloody Field,
Thou our Phyſician, thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne ;
We wait to ſee thy Goodneſs ſhine ;
Let us rejoice in Help divine,
For all our Hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

GOD's *Care of the Saints* ; or, *Deliverance by Prayer.*

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my Days,
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon my Tongue :
My Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his Name ;
I ſought the eternal GOD, and He
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

3 I told him all my ſecret Grief,
My ſecret Groaning reach'd his Ears,
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

4 To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heav'nly Shine ;
A Beam of Mercies from the Skies
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

5 His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that ſerve the Lord ;
O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taſte of his Grace, and truſt his Word.

6 The

6 The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11,—22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, *Instructions of Piety.*

1 CHildren in Years, and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counsels of my Tongue,
Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.

2 If you desire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your mortal State,
Restrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.

3 The Eyes of GOD regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He sets his frowning Face against
The Sons of Violence and Lies.

4 To humble Souls and broken Hearts
GOD with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts
When Men in deep Contrition lie.

5 He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praise employ their Breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1,—10. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways?
Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praise.

2 Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning Sorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs Fears aroſe,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes.

4 I told the Lord my ſore Diſtreſs,
With heavy Groans and Tears;
He gave my ſharpeſt Torments Eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O Sinners, come and taſte his Love,
Come, learn his pleaſant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetneſs of his Grace.

6 He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell;
What Ills their heav'nly Care prevents
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye Saints of his;
His Eye regards the Juſt!
How richly bleſs'd their Portion is,
Who make the Lord their Truſt!

8 Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
And famiſh in the Wood:
But GOD ſupplies his holy Poor
With ev'ry needful Good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11,—22. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Exhortation to Peace and Holineſs.

1 COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your Days be long, Let

Let not a falſe or ſpiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

2 Depart from Miſchief, practiſe Love,
Purſue the Works of Peace;
So ſhall the Lord your Ways approve,
And ſet your Souls at Eaſe.

3 His Eyes awake to guard the Juſt,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Duſt,
The GOD of Grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the Sorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their Supporter now.

5 Evil ſhall ſmite the Wicked dead;
But GOD ſecures his own,
Prevents the Miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

6 When Deſolation like a Flood
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their GOD,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1,—9. *Firſt Part.*

Prayer and Faith of perſecuted Saints; or, *Imprecations mixed with Charity.*

1 NOW plead my Cauſe, Almighty GOD
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight againſt the Men of Blood,
Who fight againſt my Life.

2 Draw out thy Spear and ſtop their Way,
Lift thy avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy ſay,
"*I am thy Saviour GOD.*

3 They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the Deſtroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

4 Let Fogs and Darkneſs hide their Way,
And ſlipp'ry be their Ground;
Thy Wrath ſhall make their Lives a Prey
And all their Rage confound.

5 They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the Lord behind
Purſues them down to Death.

6 They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whoſe Malice is implacable
Againſt the Lord on high.

7 But if thou haſt a choſen few
Amongſt that impious Race,
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy ſurprizing Grace.

8 Then will I raiſe my tuneful Voice
To make thy Wonders known:
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. *Ver.* 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Love to Enemies; or, *the Love of* Chriſt *to Sinners, tipify'd in* David.

1 BEHOLD the Love, the gen'rous Love
That holy *David* ſhows:
Hark how his ſounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

2 When they are ſick, his Soul complains,
And ſeems to feel the Smart; The

The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

3 How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double Blessings on his Head
The righteous GOD returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

6 He the true *David*, *Israel*'s King,
Blest and belov'd of GOD,
To save us Rebels dead in Sin
Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5,—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD; or, *General Providence and Special Grace.*

1 HIGH in the Heav'ns, eternal GOD,
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

2 Forever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

4 My GOD; how excellent thy Grace;
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs;
The Sons of *Adam* in Distress
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

5 From the Provisions of thy House
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

6 Life like a Fountain rich and free
Spring from the Presence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls shall see
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre.

Practical Atheism expos'd; or, *the Being & Attributes of GOD asserted.*

1 WHILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a GOD they own,
My Heart within me often says,
"Their Thoughts believe there's none.

2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare
(What e'er their Lips profess)
GOD hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his Grace.

3 What strange Self-flatt'ry blinds their Eyes!
But there's a hast'ning Hour,
When they shall see with sore Surprize
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.

4 Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

5 Above these Heav'ns created Rounds,
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend: Thy

Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

6 Safety to Man thy Goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the Beaſt;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children chuſe to reſt.

7 [From Thee, when Creature-ſtreams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our Pleaſures high.

8 Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death cloſe up our Eyes,
Thy Preſence makes eternal Day
Where Clouds can never riſe.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1,—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedneſs of Man, and the Majeſty of GOD; or, *Practical Atheiſm expoſ'd.*

1 WHEN Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of GOD within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes.

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flatt'ring Dream,
'Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd,
Expoſe his hateful Name.]

3 His Heart is falſe and foul,
His Words are ſmooth and fair;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodneſs there.

4 He plots upon his Bed
New Miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his Heart, and Hand, and Head
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful GOD,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Juſtice hid behind the Cloud
Shall one great Day appear.

6 His Truth tranſcends the Sky,
In Heav'n his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

7 How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety ſprings!
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings.

PSALM XXXVII. 1——15. *Firſt Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulneſs, and Unbelief; or, *The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked*; or, *The World's Hatred, and the Saints Patience.*

1 WHY ſhould I vex my Soul, and fret
To ſee the Wicked riſe?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

2 As flow'ry Graſs cut down at Noon,
Before the Ev'ning fades,
So ſhall their Glories vaniſh ſoon
In everlaſting Shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my Truſt,
And practice all that's good;
So ſhall I dwell among the Juſt,
And He'll provide me Food.

4 I to my GOD my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Deſires fulfil.

5 Mine

5 Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

6 The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty Vice.

8 Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To slay the Men that fear the Lord,
And bring the Right'ous low.

10 My GOD shall break their Bows, and burn
Their persecuting Darts,
Shall their own Swords against them turn;
And Pain surprize their Hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26,—31. *Second Part.*

Charity to the Poor; or, *Religion in Words and Deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy Wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest Portion of the Just
Excels the Sinners Gold.

2 The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;

The Saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.

3 His Alms with lib'ral Heart he gives
Amongſt the Sons of Need;
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
And bleſſed is his Seed.

4 His Lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learn'd of GOD.

5 The Law and Goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his Heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word
His Feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When Sinners fall, the Righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from ev'ry Snare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. *Ver.* 23,—37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 MY GOD, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy Hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their Ways,
Their Vertue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Man he loves.

3 The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Bleſſings long to come.

4 Wait

4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain
When Justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty Sinner have I seen
Not fearing Man nor GOD,
Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride hath been.

7 But mark the Man of Righteousness,
His several Steps attend;
True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, *Repentance and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

1 AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love,
Restore thy Servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's Chast'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

2 Thine Arrows stick within my Heart,
My Flesh is sorely prest;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart
My Spirit finds no Rest.

3 My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My

4 My Thoughts are like a troubl'd Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken ſore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;
The inward Anguiſh makes me roar,
The Anguiſh of my Soul.

6 All my Deſire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts ev'ry Tear,
And ev'ry Sigh, and ev'ry Groan
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

7 Thou art my GOD, my only Hope;
My GOD will hear my Cry,
My GOD will bear my Spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My Foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My Foes rejoice to ſee't;
They raiſe their Pleaſure and their Pride
When they ſupplant my Feet.

9 But I'll confeſs my Guilt to Thee,
And grieve for all my Sin;
I'll mourn how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support Divine.

10 My GOD, forgive my Follies paſt,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation haſte;
Before thy Servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *Firſt Part.*

Watchfulneſs over the Tongue; or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my Tongue,
"Leſt

" Left I let slip one sinful Word,
" Or do my Neighbour Wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With Men of Lives profane,
I'll set a double Guard that Day,
Nor let my Talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak
The pious Thoughts I feel,
Left Scoffers should th' Occasion take
To mock my holy Zeal.

4 Yet if some proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing Sinners hear
That we can speak for GOD.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the Measure of my Days
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I wou'd survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Dust
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

3 See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the Noise is vain.

4 Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

5 What

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From Creatures, Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recal;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my GOD my All.

PSALM XXXIX. *Ver.* 9—13. *Third Part.*

Sick-Bed Devotion; Or, *Pleading without Repining.*

1 GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes:
My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Through thy repeated Strokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand
We moulder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our Beauty's loſt.

5 [This mortal Life decays apace,
How ſoon the Buble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous Race
Are Vanity and Smoke.]

6 I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were;

May

May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear!

7 But if my Life be spar'd a while
Before my last Remove,
Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
And I'll declare thy Love.

PSALM XL. *Ver.* 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from Great Distress.

1 I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

3 Firm on a Rock he made me stand,
And taught my chearful Tongue
To praise the Wonders of his Hand
In a new thankful Song.

4 I'll spread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy shall hear.
And Sinners learn to make my GOD
Their only Hope and Fear.

5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love;
Thy Mercies Lord how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM

PSALM XL. 6—9. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, " your Work is vain,
" Give your Burnt-Off'rings o'er,
" In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
" My Soul delights no more.

2 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
" My GOD, to do thy Will;
" What e'er thy sacred Books declare
" Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 " Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
" I keep it near my Heart:
" Mine Eyes are open'd with Delight
" To what thy Lips impart.

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed Time assumes
The Body GOD prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteousness
Where great Assemblies stood.

6 His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean,
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great Salvation spread,
And *Satan's* Kingdom shook; Thus

Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

PSALM XL. 5,—10. Long Metre.

Chriſt *our Sacrifice.*

1 THE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praiſe, ſurmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

2 No Blood of Beaſts on Altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our Eyes
An All-ſufficient Sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy Deſigns he bows his Ears;
Aſſumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work ſo hard.

4 "Behold, I come, (the Saviour cries,
"With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
"Of Sins, and do thy Will, my GOD.

5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's Part;
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy Law,
"And Rebels to Obedience draw,
"When on my Croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my Crown above the Sky.

7 "The Spirit ſhall deſcend and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring World ſhall learn thy Grace,
"Thy Wiſdom and thy Righteouſneſs.

PSALM

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

1 BLEST is the Man whose Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor,
Whose Soul by sympathizing Love
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

2 His Heart contrives for their Relief
More Good than his own Hands can do;
He in the Time of gen'ral Grief
Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.

3 His Soul shall live secure on Earth,
With secret Blessings on his Head,
When Drought, and Pestilence, and Death,
Around him multiply their Dead.

4 Or if he languish on the Couch
God will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.

PSALM XLII. 1—9. *First Part.*

Desertion and Hope; or, *Complaint of Absence from public Worship.*

1 WITH earnest Longings of the Mind,
My God, to Thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find
And taste the cooling Brook.

2 When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an Absence from thy Face
My Heart endures with Pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast;
The Foe insults without Controul,
"*And where's your GOD at last?*

4 'Tis

4 'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now
I think on ancient Days:
Then to thy House did Numbers go,
And all our Work was Praise.

5 But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?
Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my GOD?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty Hand
Can all thy Woes remove,
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring Love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

Melancholy Thoughts reproved; or, *Hope in Affliction.*

1 MY Spirits sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy Name to Mind,
And Times of past Distress record,
When I have found my GOD was kind.

2 Huge Troubles with tumultuous Noise
Swell like a Sea, and round me spread;
Thy Water-spouts drown all my Joys,
And rising Waves roll o'er my Head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his Love,
When I address his Throne by Day,
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his Feet,
And say, "My GOD, my heav'nly Rock,
"Why doth thy Love so long forget
"The Soul that groans beneath thy Stroke?

5 I'll chide my Heart that sinks so low,
Why should my Soul indulge her Grief?

Hope

Hope in the Lord; and praiſe him too;
He is my Reſt, my ſure Relief.

6 Thy Light and Truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy Word ſhall my beſt Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly Hill,
My GOD, my moſt exceeding Joy.

PSALM XLIV. *Ver.* 1, 2, 3, 8, 15, 26.

The Church's Complaint in Perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told,
The Wonders of their Days.

2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.

3 In GOD they boaſted all the Day,
And in a chearful Throng
Did Thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.

4 But now our Souls are ſeiz'd with Shame,
Confuſion fills our Face,
To hear the Enemy blaſpheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
Of Duty thou haſt giv'n.

6 Tho' Dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive Breath,
And thine own Hand has bruis'd us ſore
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cauſe,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By ſharp and bloody Laws.

8 Awake, ariſe, Almighty Lord,
Why ſleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why ſhould we look like Men abhor'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy Face?

9 Wilt thou forever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

10 Down to the Duſt our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Riſe for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our GOD;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The Glory of CHRIST, *The Succeſs of the Goſpel, and the Gentile Church.*

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
Thy Lips with Bleſſings overflow,
And ev'ry Grace is thine.

2 Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majeſty to ſpread
The Conqueſts of thy Word.

3 Strike

3 Strike thro' thy ſtubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t' obey,
While Juſtice, Meekneſs, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.

4 Thy Laws O GOD, are right;
Thy Throne ſhall ever ſtand;
And thy victorious Goſpel proves
A Scepter in thy Hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy GOD
Hath without Meaſure ſhed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy ſacred Head.

6 [Behold, at thy Right-hand
The *Gentile* Church is ſeen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's Houſe;
Forſake thy Gods, thy Idol Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.

8 O let thy GOD and King
Thy ſweeteſt Thoughts employ;
Thy Children ſhall his Honour ſing
In Palaces of Joy.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The Perſonal Glories and Government of Chriſt.

1 I'LL ſpeak the Honours of my King,
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of Mortal Race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy Speech, and heav'nly Grace
Upon thy Lips is ſhed;
Thy GOD with Bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred Head.

3 Gird

3 Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince;
Ride with majestick Sway;
Thy Terror shall strike thro' thy Foes,
And make the World obey.

4 Thy Throne, O God, forever stands:
Thy Word of Grace shall prove
A peaceful Scepter in thy Hands,
To rule the Saints by Love.

5 Justice and Truth attend Thee still,
But Mercy is thy Choice:
And God, thy God, thy Soul shall fill
With most peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, *and Power of his Gospel.*

1 NOW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
The Glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His Form! how bright his Beauties are!

2 O'er all the Sons of human Race
He shines with a superiour Grace,
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Blessings all his State compose.

3 Dress thee in Arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword,
In Majesty and Glory ride
With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

4 Thine Anger like a pointed Dart
Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart:
Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the Septre in thy Hands;

Thy

Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.

6 GOD, thine own GOD has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *and his Church*; or, *The myſtical Marriage.*

1 THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

2 At his Right-hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold;
The World admires her heav'nly Dreſs;
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne;
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee the Fav'rite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a num'rous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign.

6 Let endleſs Honours crown his Head;
Let ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſpread;
While we with chearful Songs approve
The Condeſcenſions of his Love.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI. *First Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

1 GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
E're we can offer our Complaints
Behold him present with his Aid.

2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there:
Convulsions shake the solid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

3 Loud may the troubl'd Ocean roar,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide,
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

4 There is a Stream whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our GOD;
Life, Love, and Joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

5 That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure against a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Part.*

GOD fights for his Church.

1 LET *Sion* in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rise;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s GOD is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Deſolations he has made.

3 From Sea to Sea through all the Shores
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe;
When from on high his Thunder roars,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

4 He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am GOD,
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my Throne in *Zion* ſtands.

6 O Lord of Hoſts, Almighty King,
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

Chriſt *Aſcending and Reigning.*

1 O For a Shout of ſacred Joy
To GOD the Sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.

2 *Jeſus* our GOD aſcends on high;
His Heav'nly Guards around
Attend him riſing thro' the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

3 While Angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;

Let

Let all the Earth his Honours ſing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his Praiſe with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock him with a ſolemn Sound
Upon a thoughtleſs Tongue.

5 In *Iſrael* ſtood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that choſen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taſte his Grace.

6 The *Britiſh* Iſlands are the Lord's,
There *Abraham*'s GOD is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords
Submit before his Throne.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. *Firſt Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 [GREAT is the Lord our GOD,
And let his Praiſe be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His moſt delightful Seat.

2 Theſe Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they ſtand?
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

3 In *Zion* GOD is known
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;
How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces.

4 When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild Confuſion of the Mind
They fled with haſty Fear.

5 When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our GOD ſecures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And ſeek Deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church; or, *Goſpel Worſhip & Order.*

1 FAR as thy Name is known
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.

2 With Joy let *Judah* ſtand
On *Sion*'s choſen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.

3 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well:

4 The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court,
The chearful Songs, the ſolemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.

5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!

Beyond

Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

6 The God we worſhip now
Will guide us 'till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6,—14. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Pride and Death; or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Inſolence and Pride,
To ſee his Wealth and Honours flow
With ev'ry riſing Tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame Clay,
And boaſt as tho' his Fleſh were born
Of better Duſt than they?]

3 Not all his Treaſures can procure
His Soul a ſhort Reprieve.
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

4 Life is a Bleſſing can't be ſold,
The Ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold,
That Man may never die.]

5 He ſees the Brutiſh and the Wiſe,
The Tim'rous and the Brave
Quit their Poſſeſſions, cloſe their Eyes,
And haſten to the Grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
"My Houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
"And that my Name may long abide
"I'll give it to my Land.

7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his Mem'ry dies!
His Name is written in the Duſt
Where his own Carcaſs lies.]

PAUSE.

8 This is the Folly of their Way;
And yet their Sons as vain
Approve the Words their Father ſay,
And act their Works again.

9 Men void of Wiſdom and of Grace,
If Honour raiſe them high,
Live like the Beaſt, a thoughtleſs Race,
And like the Beaſt they die.

10 [Laid in the Grave like ſilly Sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt Trumpet breaks their Sleep,
In Terror and Deſpair.]

PSALM XLIX. *Ver.* 14, 15. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Death and the Reſurrection.

1 YE Sons of Pride, that hate the Juſt,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Duſt
Your Pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great Day ſhall change the Scene;
When will that Hour appear?
When ſhall the Juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?

3 GOD will my naked Soul receive,
When ſep'rate from the Fleſh;
And break the Priſon of the Grave,
To raiſe my Bones afreſh.

4 Heav'n

4 Heav'n is my everlasting Home,
Th' Inheritance is sure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 WHY do the Proud insult the Poor,
And boast the large Estates they have!
How vain are Riches to secure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

2 They can't redeem one Hour from Death
With all the Wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When GOD commands him down to Dust.

3 There the dark Earth and dismal Shade
Shall clasp their naked Bodies round;
That Flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.

4 Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat;
The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
And find th' Oppressor at their Feet.

5 His Honours perish in the Dust,
And Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood:
That glorious Day exalts the Just
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

6 My Saviour shall my Life restore,
And raise me from my dark Abode:
My Flesh and Soul shall part no more;
But dwell for ever near my GOD.

PSALM L. *Ver.* 1—6. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

The last Judgment; or, *The Saints Rewarded.*

1 THE Lord the Judge before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh, The

The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the *Western* Sky.

2 No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin;
No more abuse his long Delay
To impudence and Sin.

3 Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm
Lead on the dreadful Day.

4 Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell shall know, and fear,
His Justice and their Doom.

5 "But gather all my Saints (he cries)
"That made their Peace with God
"By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his Blood.

6 "Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light
"Shall make the World confess
"My Sentence of Reward is right,
"And Heav'n adore my Grace.

PSALM L. *Ver* 10, 11, 14. 15, 23. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.
Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious Fields
"And Flocks and Herds are mine,
"O'er all the Cattle of the Hills
"I claim a Right divine.

2 "I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,
"Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call

3 " Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand shall set thee free;
" Then shall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to me.

4 " The Man that offers humble Praise,
" He glorifies me best:
" And those that tread my holy Ways,
" Shall my Salvation taste.

PSALM L. *Ver.* 1, 5, 8, 16 21, 22. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN *Christ* to Judgment shall descend,
And Saints surround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

2 " Not for the Want of Bullocks slain
" Will I the World reprove;
" Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain
" Without the Fire of Love.

3 " And what have Hypocrites to do
" To bring their Sacrifice?
" They call my Statutes just and true,
" But deal in Theft and Lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'scape my Sight,
" And sin without Controul?
" But I shall bring your Crimes to Light
" With Anguish in your Soul.

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy expos'd.

1 THE Lord the Judge his Churches warns,
Let Hypocrites attend and fear.
Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

2 Vile Wretches dare rehearse his Name
With Lips of Falshood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.

4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean;
Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practice ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to GOD.

5 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

6 O dreadful Hour! when GOD draws near,
And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls shall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM L. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his Summons forth
Calls the *South* Nations, and Awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sounding Orders spread
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead;
No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the Day.

2 Behold

2 Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are high,
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky;
Heav'n, Earth & Hell draw near; let all Things come
To hear his Justice and the Sinners Doom;
But gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels from their distant Lands.

3 Behold my Cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
That paid the antient Worship or the new,
There's no distinction here; come spread their Thrones,
And near me seat my Fav'rites and my Sons.

4 I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal Sentence, and declare
Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

5 Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love. In vain the Store
Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee Food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy solemn Chatt'rings and fantastick Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold,
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

7 Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue
Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother Wrong;
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adulterers are thy chosen Friends.

8 Silent

3 Silent I waited with long-suffering Love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impeous Thought within,
That GOD the Righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.

9 Sinners awake betimes; ye Fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe; [amend;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Leſt like a Lion his laſt Vengeance tear
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. To the old Proper Tune.

The Laſt Judgment.

1 THE GOD of Glory ſends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations and awakes the *North*:
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* the ſov'reign Order's ſpread,
Thro' diſtant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.
The Trumpet ſounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Liſt up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

2 No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance ſleeps no more: behold the Day;
Behold the Judge deſcends; his Guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky,
When GOD appears, all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, draw near: let all Things
"To hear my Juſtice and the Sinner's Doom; [come
"But gather firſt my Saints; (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands.
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful Paſſion;
And ſhout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

4 "Behold my Cov'nant ſtands forever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood.
"And ſign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
"That paid the ancient Worſhip or the new.

There's

There's no Distinction here, join all your Voices,
And raise your Heads, ye Saints, for Heaven rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels spread their Thrones,
" And near me seat my Favourites and my Sons,
" Come, my Redeem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd
" Ere Time began, 'tis your divine Reward.

When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion;
And Shout ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the First.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
"I am the Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My Just eternal Sentence, and declare
" Those awful Truths, that Sinners dread to hear.

When GOD appears, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

7. " Stand forth, thou bold Blasphemer, and profane,
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threatnings vain;
" Thou Hypocrite, once dress in Saints Attire,
" I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints with chearful Voices.

8 " Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks slain
" Do I condemn thee: Bulls and Goats are vain
" Without the Flames of Love; in vain the Store
" Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before.

Earth is the Lord's, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee Food?
" When did I thirst or drink thy Bullock's Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where they [feed.

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide Creation;
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
" Thy solemn Chatt'rings and fantastick Vows?
" Are

" Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold
" Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold ?

GOD is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Vengeance riſes.

PAUSE the Second. [pleaſe

11 " Unthinking Wretch! how could'ſt thou hope to
" A GOD, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe ?
" While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue
" Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother wrong.

Judgment proceeds ; Hell trembles ; Heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

12 " In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends ;
" Thieves and Adulterers are thy choſen Friends ;
" While the falſe Flatt'rer at thy Altar waits,
" His harden'd Soul divine Inſtruction hates.

GOD is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Vengeance riſes.

13 " Silent I waited with long-ſuffering Love ;
" But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove ?
" And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy Sin ?

See GOD appears, all Nations join t' adore him ;
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.

14 " Behold my Terrors now ; my Thunders roll,
" And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul,
" Now like a Lion ſhall my Vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliv'rer near.

Judgment concludes ; Hell trembles ; Heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints with chearful Voices.

Epiphonema.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wiſe ;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe: [amend,
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend.

Then join, ye Saints, Wake every chearful Paſſion ;
When Chriſt returns, he comes for your Salvation.

PSALM

PSALM LI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHEW Pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live;
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner trust in Thee?

2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace:
Great GOD, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.

4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
Against thy Law against thy Grace;
Lord should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce thee just in Death:
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whose Hope still hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

PSALM LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confess'd,

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And Born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

2 Soon

2 Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
The Law demands a perfect Heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

3 [Great God, create my Heart a-new,
And form my Spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
Nor Hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can wash the dismal Stain away.

6 *Jesus*, my God, thy Blood alone
Hath Power sufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No *Jewish* Types could cleanse me so.

7 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoyce.

PSALM LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

The Backslider restor'd; or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* Christ.

1 O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:

Let

Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thine holy Joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 A broken Heart, my GOD, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The GOD of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

6 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning GOD.

8 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue!
Salvation shall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

PSALM LI. 3,—13. *First Part.* Com Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace
How high my Crimes arise!

2 Should'st

2 Should'ſt thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And cruſh my Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

3 I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin.

4 Born in a World of Guilt, I drew
Contagion with my Breath;
And as my Days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter Prey for Death.

5 Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

7 Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to GOD again.

PSALM LI. 14---17. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Chriſt.

1 O GOD of Mercy hear my Call,
My Loads of Guilt remove,
Break down this ſeparating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

2 Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.

3 No

3 No Blood of Goats nor Heifer slain
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of *Christ* shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A Soul oppress with Sin's Desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble Groan, a broken Heart
Is our best Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4---6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

1 ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprize;
For God's revenging Arm
Scatters the Bones of them that rise
To do his Children Harm.

3 In vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
Of Armies in Array;
When God has first despis'd their Host,
They fall an easy Prey.

4 O for a Word from *Sion*'s King,
Her Captives to restore!
Jacob with all the Tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1--8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O God, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
And triumph in my Fears.

2 Their

2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
To ſhake my Hope in GOD.

3 With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with ev'ry Breath;
Horror and Fear beſet me round
Amongſt the Shades of Death.

4 O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs Things.

5 Let me to ſome wild Deſert go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all
To 'ſcape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty GOD on whom I call
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By Morning Light I'll ſeek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry,
The Night ſhall hear me aſk his Grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 GOD ſhall preſerve my Soul from Fear,
Or Shield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand Angels muſt appear
If he command their Aid.

9 I caſt my Burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My Courage reſts upon his Word
That Saints ſhall never fall.

10 My

10 My higheſt Hopes ſhall not be vain,
My Lips ſhall ſpread his Praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful Men,
Scarce live out half their Days.

PSALM LV. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous Proſperity; or, *Daily Devotions encouraged.*

1 LET Sinners take their Courſe,
And chuſe the Road to Death;
But in the Worſhip of my GOD
I'll ſpend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts addreſs his Throne
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſing every Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal GOD,
While Sinners periſh in ſurprize
Beneath thine angry Rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at Eaſe.
And no ſad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

5 But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my Burdens on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.

6 His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety ſtands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

PSALM

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood; or, *GOD's Care of his People in Answer to Faith and Prayer.*

1 O Thou whose Justice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppressor cease,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace.

2 The Sons of Violence and Lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers rise,
My Refuge is thy Word.

3 In GOD most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my Trust;
Nor will I fear what Flesh can do,
The Offspring of the Dust.

4 They wrest my Words to Mischief still,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Mischief doth all their Counsels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy Frown?
Must their Devices stand?
O cast the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand!

PAUSE.

6 GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;
Thou hast a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

7 When to thy Throne I raise my Cry
The Wicked fear and flee:
So swift is Prayer to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me.

8 I

8 In the moſt holy, juſt, and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

9 Thy ſolemn Vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe;
I'll Sing, *How faithful is thy Word*;
How righteous all thy Ways!

10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death,
O ſet thy Pris'ner free,
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection; Grace and Truth.

1 MY GOD, in whom are all the Springs,
Of boundleſs Love and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings,
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the Heav'ns I ſend my Cry,
The Lord will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angel from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning Storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

4 My Heart is fix'd; my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to ſound his Praiſe,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;

His

His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous Cauſe,
When th' injur'd Poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold and Greatneſs bribe your Hands

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That GOD will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the Rights of GOD;
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.

3 A poiſon'd Arrow is your Tongue,
The Arrow ſharp, the Poiſon ſtrong,
And Death attends where e'er it wounds;
You hear no Counſels, Cries or Tears;
So the deaf Adder ſtops her Ears!
Againſt the Power of charming Sounds.

4 Break out their Teeth, eternal GOD,
Thoſe Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And cruſh the Serpents in the Duſt:
As empty Chaff, when Whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping Tempeſt flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be loſt.

5 Th

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow dissolve and run,
Or Snails that perish in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never see the Sun.

6 Thus shall the Vengeance of the Lord
Safety and Joy to Saints afford!
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a GOD that rules on high,
"A GOD that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Suff'rings well repay.

PSALM LX. *Ver.* 1-5, 10--12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the Nation off?
Must we for ever mourn;
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath;
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

2 The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Dismay.

3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning Hand;
O heal the Island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

4 Lift up a Banner in the Field
For those that fear thy Name;
Save thy beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.

5 Go with our Armies to the Fight
Like a confed'rate GOD;
In vain confed-rate Pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted Rod.

6 Our Troops shall gain a wide Renown
By thine assisting Hand;
'Tis GOD that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1----6.
Safety in GOD.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all Relief
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

3 Within thy Presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5----12.

No Trust in the Creatures; or, *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

1 MY Spirit looks to GOD alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
GOD is our All-sufficient Aid.

3 False

3 False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

4 Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Hearts on glittering Dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what GOD has spoke?

5 Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Power is his eternal Due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For Sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne:
Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4, *First Part.*
Common Metre.
The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1 EARLY, my GOD, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face;
My thirsty Spirit faints away
Without thy chearing Grace.

2 So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
My GOD, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

4 Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

5 Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

6 Thus till my last expiring Day
I'll bless my GOD and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6---10. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.
Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Pow'r,
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight
Amidst the darkest Hour.

2 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
"*My GOD, my Life, my Hope*, I said,
"*Bring thy Salvation nigh.*

3 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heav'nly Road;
But thy Right-Hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my GOD.

4 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the Destroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and Rage in vain;
The Tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my Sins be slain.

6 Thy Sword shall give my Foes to Death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSAL

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.
Longing after GOD; or, The Love of GOD better than Life.

1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
The Glories that compoſe thy Name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my GOD;
And I am thine by ſacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As Travellers in thirſty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water brook.

4 With early Feet I love t'appear
Among thy Saints, and ſeek thy Face,
Oft have I ſeen thy Glory there,
And felt the Power of Sov'reign Grace.

5 Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taſte,
Nor all the Joys our Senſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my chearful Paſſion ſo.

6 My Life itſelf without thy Love
No Taſte of Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7 Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night,
When buſy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreſhment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe;

This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And ſpend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.
Seeking GOD.

1 MY God, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taſte thy Love divine.

2 My thirſty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy does implore:
Nor Travellers in Deſert Lands
Can pant for Water more.

3 Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

4 For Life without thy Love
No Reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of the Feaſt
Such Food or Pleaſure give.

6 In wakeful Hours of Night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wiſe thy Counſels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

7 Since thou haſt been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence;
My chearful Hope relies.

8 The Shadow of thy Wings,
My Soul in Safety keeps:

I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

PSALM LXV. 1--5. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Publick Prayer and Praise.

1 THE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praise becomes thy House;
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
And there perform their public Vows.

2 O Thou whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the *Northern* Sea.

3 Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain:
The Blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my Garments white again.

4 Blest is the Man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind Access to Thee;
Give him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel, prepare for long Distress,
When *Sion's* GOD himself arrays
In Terror and in Righteousness.

6 With dreadful Glory GOD fulfils
What his afflicted Saints requeſt;
And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love to give his Churches Rest.

7 Then shall the flocking Nations run
To *Sion's* Hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting Sun
Shall see the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5---13. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The GOD of Nature and Grace.*

1 THE God of our Salvation hears
The Groans of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.

2 On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known,
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the Flood,
Address their frighted Souls to God,
When Tempests rage, and Billows roar
At dreadful Distance from the Shore.

4 He bids the noisy Tempest cease;
He calms the raging Crowd to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.

5 Whole Kingdoms shaken by the Storm,
He settles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains establish'd by his Hand
Firm on their old Foundation stand.

6 Behold his Ensigns sweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;
The *Heathen* Lands, with swift Surprize,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

7 At his Command the Morning Ray
Smiles in the *East*, and leads the Day,
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of *Western* Hills.

8 Seasons

8 Seasons and Times obey his Voice;
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and dreſt in Flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high,
He gives the thirſty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpence.

10 The Deſart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Fruit the Vallies yield;
The Vallies ſhout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

11 The Paſtures ſmile in green Array,
There Lambs and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language ſpeaks thy Name.

12 Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry Field thy Glories ſhine;
Thro' ev'ry Month thy Gifts appear;
Great GOD, thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.
A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in *Sion*, Lord, for Thee;
There ſhall our Vows be paid;
Thou haſt an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Fleſh ſhall ſeek thine Aid.

2 Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Power and Skill
To conquer ev'ry Sin.

3 Bleſs'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuſe
To bring them near thy Face,
Give them a Dwelling in thine Houſe,
To feaſt upon thy Grace;

4 In answ'ring what thy Church requests,
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness
Fulfil thy kind Design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant Islands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
The Providence of GOD in Air, Earth and Sea; Or,
The Blessing of Rain.

1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
GOD of eternal Pow'r;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy Morning Light, and Ev'ning Shade,
Successive Comforts bring:
Thy Plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.

3 Seasons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth and Air are thine;
When Clouds distil in fruitful Show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
Whose watry Treasures well supply
The Furrows of the Ground.

5 The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,
Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM

PSALM LXV. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
The Bleſſings of the Spring; Or, *GOD gives Rain.*

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care;
Viſits the Paſtures every Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.

2 The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their watry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To chear thy thirſty Land.

3 The ſoft'ned Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to ſpring:
The Valleys rich Proviſion yield,
And the Poor Lab'rers ſing.

4 The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs:
The Meadows dreſs'd in all their Pride
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

5 The barren Clods refreſh'd with Rain
Promiſe a joyful Crop;
The parching Ground looks green again,
And raiſe the Reaper's Hope.

6 The various Months thy Goodneſs crowns,
How bounteous are thy Ways?
The bleating Flocks ſpread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds ſhout thy Praiſe.

PSALM LXVI. *Firſt Part.*
Governing Power and Goodneſs; Or, *Our Graces tried by Afflictions.*

1 SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

2 Say

2 Say to the Pow'r that makes the Sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy Presence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow.

3 [Come, see the Wonders of our GOD,
How glorious are his Ways?
In *Moses* Hand he puts the Rod?
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While *Isr'el* pass'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their GOD.]

5 He rules by his resistless Might:
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War.

6 O bless our GOD, and never cease;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces shine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to possess the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13---20. *Second Part.*
Praise to GOD for hearing Prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Power
That heard the long Requests I made
In my distressful Hour.

2 My

2 My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known:
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The Wonders he has done.

3 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly Aid;
He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

4 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue.
The Lord had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung.

5 But GOD (his Name be ever blest)
Has set my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

1 SHINE, mighty GOD, on all the Land
With Beams of heav'nly Grace;
Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coasts,
And shew thy smiling Face.

2 [Amidst our States exalted high
Do thou our Glory stand,
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire
Surround the Favourite Land.]

3 When shall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And distant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their GOD.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice;
While thankful Tongues exalt his Praise,
And grateful Hearts rejoice.

5 He,

5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the Worlds he made
In Justice and in Love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase;
Our GOD will crown his chosen Isle
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

7 GOD the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest Favour here,
While the Creation's utmost Bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part. Ver.* 1-6, 32-35.
The Vengeance and Compassion of GOD.

1 LET GOD arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight;
As Smoak that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.

2 [He comes arrav'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the Sky;
His Name *Jehovah* sounds on high:
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.

4 The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress!
In him the Poor and Helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again;
But Rebels that dispute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still. *Pause.*

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and Thrones to GOD belong;
Crown him, ye Nations in your Song:
His wond'rous Names and Pow'rs rehearſe,
His Honours ſhall enrich your Verſe.

7 He ſhakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms;
How terrible is GOD in Arms!
In *Iſrael* are his Mercies known,
Iſrael is his peculiar Throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Reſt:
When Terrors riſe, and Nations faint,
GOD is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Part Ver.* 17, 18.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten Thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Thoſe Heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

2 Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And ſtruck the choſen Tribes with Awe.

3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That Thouſands Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

4 Raiſ'd by his Father to the Throne,
He ſent his promiſ'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel Men,
That GOD might dwell on Earth again.

PSALM.

PSALM LXVIII. *3d. Part. Ver.* 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, *common and special Mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the Just, the Good.
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
Who pours his Blessings from the Skies
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

2 He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

3 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Escapes from Death:
Safety and Health to GOD belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

4 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Blessings of his Love;
But the wide Difference that remains
Is endless Joy or endless Pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread,
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

6 But his Right Hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas,
And bring them to his Court above;
There shall they taste his special Love.

PSALM LXIX. 1,—14. *First Part.* Com Metre.

The Sufferings of CHRIST *for our Salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O GOD, the swelling Floods
"Break in upon my Soul;
"I sink, and Sorrows o'er my Head
"Like mighty Waters rool.

2 "I

2 " I cry till all my Voice be gone,
" In Tears I waſte the Day;
" My GOD, behold my longing Eyes,
" And ſhorten thy Delay.

3 " They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
" And ſtill their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.

4 " Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law
" Which Sinners took away,

5 " Thus in the great *Meſſiah*'s Name,
" The royal Prophet mourns;
" Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
" And gives us Joy by Turns.

6 " Now ſhall the Saints rejoice and find
" Salvation in thy Name,
" For I have born their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.

8 " Amongſt my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to GOD.

9 " I came in ſinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will:
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.

10 " My

10 " My Fasting and my holy Groans
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But God from his celestial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my sinking Feet
" On well-establish'd Ground.

12 " 'Twas in a most accepted Hour,
" My Prayer arose on high,
" And for my sake my God shall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry."

PSALM LXIX. 14--21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.
The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleasure sing
The Sufferings of our great High-Priest,
The Sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
How high the Waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He sends perpetual Cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining Face;
" Why should thy Favourite look like one
" Forsaken of thy Grace?

4 " With Rage they persecute the Man
" That Groans beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

5 " They tread my Honour to the Dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting Slanders add
" Fresh Anguish to my Pain.

6 " All

6 "All my Reproach is known to Thee,
"The Scandal and the Shame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
"And Lies defil'd my Name.

7 "I look'd for Pity, but in vain;
"My Kindred are my Grief;
"I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
"But meet with no Relief.

8 "With Vinegar they mock my Thirst,
"They give me Gall for Food;
"And sporting with my dying Groans,
"They triumph in my Blood.

9 "Shine in to my distressed Soul,
"Let thy Compassions save;
"And though my Flesh sink down to Death,
"Redeem it from the Grave.

10 "I shall arise to praise thy Name,
"Shall reign in Worlds unknown;
"And thy Salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy Throne.

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Christ's *Obedience and Death*; Or, *GOD glorified and Sinners saved.*

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name,
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

2 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfil'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy Will.

3 His dying Groans, his living Songs
Shall better please my GOD Than

Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Then Goats or Bullocks Blood.

4 This shall his humble Followers see,
And set their Hearts at rest;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let Heaven and all that dwell on high
To GOD their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t'advance the Praise.

6 *Zion* is thine, Most holy GOD,
Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood
For thine own *Israel* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's *Passion, and Sinners Salvation.*

1 DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

2 In long Complaints he spends his Breath,
While Hosts of Hell, and Powers of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curst Design.

3 Yet, gracious GOD, thy Pow'r and Love
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove;
Those dreadful Sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

4 The Pangs of our expiring Lord
The Honours of thy Law restor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Justice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.

5 O for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live:

The

The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. *Ver.* 7, &c. 2*d Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for thy Sake, eternal GOD,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load
Of base Reproach and sore Disgrace,
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.

2 The *Jews* his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfil'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cause.

3 [*My Father's House*, said he, *was made*
A Place for Worship, not for Trade;
Then scattering all their Gold and Brass,
He scourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

4 [Zeal for the Temple of his GOD
Consum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood:
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt and mourn'd them as his own]

5 [His Friends forsook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms surround his Head;
They curse him with a sland'rous Tongue,
And the false Judge maintains the Wrong,]

6 His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones
Insult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.]

8 But GOD beheld; and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son; The

The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour the Vengeance on their Head.

PSALM LXXI. 5---9 *First Part.*
The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.

2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
With all these Limbs of mine:
And from my Mother's painful Hour
I've been intirely thine.

3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.

4 Cast me not off when Strength Declines,
When hoary Hairs arise;
And round me let thy Glory shine,
When'er thy Servant dies.

5 Then in the History of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *2d Part.*
Christ *our Strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.

3 My

3 My Feet ſhall travel all the Length
Of the celeſtial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength
To ſee my Father-GOD.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore Diſtreſs
For ſome ſurprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteouſneſs,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Victories of my King;
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation ſing.

6 [My Tongue ſhall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my GOD,
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Powers;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Seaſon long.]

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

The Aged Chriſtian's Prayer and Song; or, *Old Age, Death, and the Reſurrection.*

1 GOD of my Childhood, and my Youth,
The guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

2 Will thou forſake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking Years
If GOD my Strength depart?

3 Let me thy Power and Truth proclaim
To the ſurviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I ſhall quit the Stage.

4 The

4 The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief:
But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

7 By long Experience have I known
Thy sov'reign Pow'r to save;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in Dust,
My Flesh shall be thy Care;
These withering Limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. *First Part.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne.

2 Thy Scepter well becomes his Hands,
All Heaven submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

3 With Power he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust; His

His Worſhip and his Fear ſhall laſt,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be paſt.

4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls diſtils,
Like heavenly Dew on thirſty Hills.

5 The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overſpreading Death,
Revive at his firſt dawning Light,
And Deſarts bloſſom at the Sight.

6 The Saints ſhall flouriſh in his Days,
Dreſt in the Robes of Joy and Praiſe;
Peace like a River from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *Second Part.*

Chriſt's *Kingdom among the* Gentiles.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where-e'er the Sun
Does his ſucceſſive Journeys run;
His Kingdom ſtretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the Iſlands with their Kings,
And *Europe* her beſt Tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

3 There *Perſia*, glories to behold,
There *India* ſhines in *Eaſtern* Gold;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him ſhall endleſs Pray'r be made,
And Praiſes throng to crown his Head;
His Name like ſweet Perfume ſhall riſe
With every Morning Sacrifice.

5 People and Realms of every Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.

6 Blessings abound where-e're he reigns,
The Prisoner leaps to loose his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing Power,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.

8 Let every Creature rise and bring,
Peculiar Honours to our King:
Angels descend with Songs again.
And Earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

PSALM LXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.
Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
To Men of Heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.

2 I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their Death!

3 "With well fed Flesh and haughty Eyes
"They lay their Fears to sleep;
"Against the Heavens their Slanders rise,
"While Saints in Silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
"And cleanse my Heart in vain;
"For I am chast'ned all the Day,
"The Night renews my Pain."

5 Yet

5 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy Saints,
"And grieve the Men I love."

6 But still I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too severe,
'Till I retir'd to search thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetick Glass,
I saw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a slippery Place
Beside a fiery Pit.

8 I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
"Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were lost,
And he awakes in Hell.

9 Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtless Beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full Despair,
Upheld by Power unknown:
That blessed Hand that broke the Snare
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23,—28. *2d Part.* Com. Metre.
GOD our Portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
When sinking in Despair.

2 Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderness;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

3 Were I in Heaven without my GOD,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And whilſt this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint,
GOD is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

5 Behold the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol Gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my GOD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Tongue ſhall ſound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Metre.
The Proſperity of Sinners curſed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To ſee the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine.

2 But, O their End, their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlippery Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

3 Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.

4 Their fancy'd Joys how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

5 Now

5 Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to purchase with my Blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my GOD.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous GOD,
Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boast aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

2 I saw the Wicked rise,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with scornful Eyes,
In Robes of Honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton Ease,
Their Flesh looks full and fair,
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

4 Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppression reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

5 Their impious Tongues blaspheme
The everlasting GOD:
Their Malice blasts the good Man's Name,
And spreads their Lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to rise;
"Is there a GOD that sees or hears
"The Things below the Skies?]

7 The Tumult of my Thought
Held me in hard Suspence,
Till to thy House my Feet were brought
To learn thy Justice thence.

8 Thy Word with Light and Power,
Did my miſtake amend;
I view'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

9 On what a ſlippery Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below!

10 Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine:
I call my GOD my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church Pleading with GOD under ſore Perſecution.

1 WILL GOD for ever caſt us off!
His Wrath for ever ſmoak
Againſt the People of his Love,
His little choſen Flock?

2 Think of the Tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
Where once thy Glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy Feet, and march in haſte,
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waſte
Is made within thy Walls.

4 Where once thy Churches pray'd and ſang
Thy Foes profanely roar;
Over thy Gates their Enſigns hang,
Sad Tokens of their Power.

5 How are the Seats of Worſhip broke?
They tear the Buildings down,
And he that deals the heavieſt Stroke,
Procures the chief Renown.

6 With

6 With Flame they threaten to deſtroy
Thy Children in their Neſt;
Come let us burn at once they cry,
The Temple and the Prieſt.

7 And ſtill to heighten our Diſtreſs,
Thy Preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted Signs of Power and Grace,
Thy Power and Grace are gone.

8 No Prophet ſpeaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a Soul amongſt us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal GOD, how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaſpheme?
Shall Saints be made their endleſs Song,
And bear immortal Shame.

10 Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And ſtill thy Jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill with-hold thine Hand?

11 What ſtrange Deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In Ages long before,
And now no other GOD we own,
No other GOD adore.

12 Thou didſt divide the raging Sea
By thy reſiſtleſs Might,
To make thy Tribes a wondrous Way,
And then ſecure their Flight.

13 Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkneſs and the Day?
Didſt not thou bid the Morning ſhine,
And mark the Sun his Way.

14 Hath not thy Power form'd every Coaſt,
And ſet the Earth its Bounds,
With Summer's Heat, and Winter's Froſt,
In their perpetual Rounds?

15 And ſhall the Sons of Earth and Duſt
That ſacred Power blaſpheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them firſt
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

16 Think on the Covenant thou haſt made,
And all thy Words of Love;
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jeſt;
Plead thine own Cauſe Almighty GOD,
And give thy Children Reſt.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from GOD alone.

Apply'd to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Acceſſion of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1 TO Thee, moſt Holy, and moſt High,
To Thee we bring our thankful Praiſe;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

2 *America was oppreſs'd a Slave*
~~Britain was coom'd to be~~ a Slave,
Her Frame diſſolv'd; her Fears were great;
When GOD a *righteous Council* gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

3 *They from thy Power receive their Pow'r*
~~He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,~~
And ſwear to rule by wholeſome Laws;
Thy Foot ſhall tread th' Oppreſſor down,
Thy Arm defend the righteous Cauſe.

4 Let

4 Let haughty Sinners ſink their Pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful Head;
But lay their fooliſh Thoughts aſide,
And own the ~~King~~ Power that GOD hath made.

5 Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis GOD the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.

6 No vain Pretence to royal Birth
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne;
GOD, the great Sovereign of the Earth,
~~Will riſe, and make his Juſtice known.~~
Shall cruſh uſurpers with his frown

7 His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup,
Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taſte the bitter Dregs.

8 Now ſhall the Lord exalt the Juſt,
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Duſt,
Our Lips ſhall ſing his Praiſe aloud.

PSALM LXXVI.

Iſrael *ſav'd, and the* Aſſyrians *deſtroy'd; or, GOD's Vengeance againſt his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 IN *Judah* GOD of Old was known;
His Name in *Iſrael* great;
In *Salem* ſtood his holy Throne,
And *Zion* was his Seat.

2 Among the Praiſes of his Saints,
His Dwelling there he choſe;
There he receiv'd their juſt Complaints,
Againſt their haughty Foes.

3 From *Zion* went his dreadful Word,
And broke that threatning Spear;
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* War.

4 What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else
But mighty Hills of Prey?
The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas *Zion's* King that stopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
And never found their Hands.

6 At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
Both Horse and Chariot fell:
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod?
Thy Vengeance who can tell?

7 What Power can stand before thy Sight
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heaven shines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies still and fears.

8 When God in his own sovereign Ways
Comes down to save th' Oppress,
The Wrath of Man shall work his Praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
Ye Princes fear his Frown:
His Terrors shake the proudest King,
And cuts an Army down.

10 The Thunder of his sharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes shall feel;
For *Jacob's* God hath not forsook,
But dwells in *Zion* still.]

PSALM

PSALM LXXVII. *First Part.*
Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

1 TO GOD I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear,
In the sad Day, when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

2 Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on GOD; the Just and Wise,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My Heart began to break;
My GOD, thy Wrath forbid my Rest,
And kept my Eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back Years and ancient Times
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might with-hold thy Grace.

6 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His Face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark, despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is still the same. 9

9 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er.
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwelt with Justice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort deriv'd from ancient Providence; or, Israel *deliver'd from* Egypt, *and brought to* Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning Rod;
"(May thy own Children say)
"The Great, the Wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his Way!

2 I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient Wonders told,
And learn to trust his Love.

3 Long did the House of *Joseph* lie
With *Egypt*'s Yoke oppress;
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Rest.

4 The Sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he chose.

5 *Israel* his People and his Sheep
Must follow when he calls;
He bid them venture thro' the Deep,
And made the Waves their Walls.

6 The Waters saw Thee, mighty God,
The Waters saw Thee come; Back-

Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine Armies Room.

7 Strange was thy Journey through the Sea,
Thy Footſteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

8 [Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
Thro' Clouds and Darkneſs broke:
All Heav'n in Lightning ſhone around,
And Earth with Thunder ſhook.

9 Thine Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd,
How glorious is the Lord!
Suprize and Trembling ſeiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.

10 He gave them Water from the Rock;
And ſafe by *Moſes'* Hand
Thro' a dry Deſart led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land]

PSALM LXXVIII. *Firſt Part.*

Providence of GOD recorded; or *pious Education and Inſtruction of Children.*

1 LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which GOD perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we ſaw,
And which our Fathers told.

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Power and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through every riſing Race.

3 Our Lips ſhall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generation yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thu

4 Thus shall they learn, in GOD alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

Israel's *Rebellion and Punishment*; or, *The Sins and Chastisements of GOD's People.*

1 O What a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob's* ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

2 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

3 They saw the Plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd with Safety through,
With watry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

5 A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

6 He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most High,
And dar'd distrust his Hand:

Con-

" *Can he with Bread our Hosts supply,*
" *Amidst this Desart Land?*

8 The Lord with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame:
His Terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, Chastisement and Salvation.

1 WHEN *Israel* sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heavenly Bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treasures known;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

3 The *Manna* like a Morning Show'r
Lay thick around their Feet:
The Corn of Heaven so light, so pure;
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

4 But they in murmuring Language said,
" *Manna* is all our Feast;
" We loath this light, this airy Bread;
" We must have Flesh to taste.

5 " *Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,*"
The Lord in Wrath reply'd,
And sent them Quails like Sand or Dust,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

6 He gave them all their own Desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

7 When

7 When some were slain the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their Fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
'Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he reso'v'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Ver.* 32, *&c. Fourth Part.*

Backsliding and Forgiveness; or, *Sin punish'd and Saints saved.*

1 GREAT GOD, how oft did *Israel* prove
By turns thine Anger, and thy Love?
There is a Glass our Hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot
The dreadful Wonders GOD had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Power, nor trust his Grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain;
A tedious March through unknown Ways
Wore out their Strength, and spent their Days.

4 Oft when they saw their Brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their GOD.

5 Their Prayers and Vows before him raise
As flattering Words or solemn Lies,
While their rebellious Tempers prove
False to his Cov'nant and his Love.

6 Yet did his sovereign Grace forgive
The Men who not deserv'd to live;

His

His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle Flame it burn'd.

He ſaw their Fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw Temptations ſtill prevail:
The GOD of *Abraham* lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, *The Vineyard of GOD waſted.*

GREAT Shepherd of thine *Iſrael*
Who didſt between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead the Tribes, thy choſen Sheep,
Safe through the Deſart and the Deep:

Thy Church is in the Deſart now,
Shine from on high, and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

Great GOD, whom heavenly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray?
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?

Inſtead of Wine and chearful Bread
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PAUSE I.

Haſt thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands?
Did not thy Power defend it round,
And heavenly Dews enrich the Ground?

How did the ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
And bleſs the Nations with the Fruit;
But now, dear Lord, look down and ſee
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd;
Why haſt thou laid her Fences waſte?
Strangers and Foes againſt her join,
And every Beaſt devours the Vine.

8 Return, Almighty GOD, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vinyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew,
Thou waſt its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair *Branch of Promiſe* roſe.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From *David*'s Stock, from *Jacob*'s Root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer Branches of the Tree:

11 'Tis thy own Son; and he ſhall ſtand
Girt with thy Strength at thy Right-hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſs
With Power and Grace above the reſt.

12 O! for his ſake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches leſt thy die:
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8---16.

The Warning of GOD to his People; or, *Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhment.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noiſe;
GOD is our Strength, our Saviour GOD;
Let *Iſrael* hear his Voice.

2 "From

2 " From vile Idolatry
" Preſerve my Worſhip clean ;
" I am the Lord who ſet thee free
" From Slavery and Sin.

3 " Stretch thy Deſires abroad,
" And I'll ſupply them well ;
" But if ye will refuſe your GOD,
" If *Iſrael* will rebel ;

4 " I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
" To their own Luſts a Prey.
" And let them run the dangerous Road,
" 'Tis their own choſen Way.

5 Yet O ! that all my Saints
" Would hearken to my Voice !
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore Complaints,
" And bid their Hearts rejoice.

6 " While I deſtroy their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
And they ſhall taſte the Stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD the ſupreme Governor ; or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

1 AMONG th' Aſſemblies of the Great
A greater Ruler takes his Seat ;
The GOD of Heaven as Judge ſurveys
Thoſe Gods on Earth and all their Ways.

2 Why will you then frame wicked Laws ?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous Cauſe ?
When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more ?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know :
Dark are the Ways in which they go ;

Their

Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like Men.

4 Ariſe, O Lord and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod;
He is our Judge, and He our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint againſt Perſecutors.

1 AND will the God of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep?
The God of Juſtice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance ſleep?

2 Behold, what curſed Snares
The Men of Miſchief ſpread:
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee
Lift up their threat'ning Head.

3 Againſt thy hidden Ones
Their Counſels they employ,
And Malice with her watchful Eye
Purſues them to deſtroy.

4 The Noble and the Baſe
Into thy Paſtures leap;
The Lion and the ſtupid Aſs
Conſpire to vex thy Sheep.

5 "Come, let us join, they cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Mem'ry ſhall be found."

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy Wrath to mind;
Give them like Foreſts to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.

7 Con-

Convince their Madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy Name:
Or elſe their ſtubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.

Then ſhall the Nations know
That glorious dreadful Word,
Jehovah is thy Name alone,
And thou the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleaſure of Publick Worſhip.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

My Fleſh would reſt in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for GOD;
My GOD! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?

The Sparrow chuſes where to reſt,
And for her Young provides her Neſt;
But will my GOD to Sparrows grant,
That Pleaſure which his Children want?

Bleſt are the Saints who ſit on high
Around thy Throne of Majeſty;
Thy brigheſt Glories ſhine above,
And all their Work is Praiſe and Love.

Bleſt are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And ſeek thy Face, and learn thy Praiſe.

Bleſt are the Men whoſe Hearts are ſet
To find the Way to *Zion*'s Gate;
GOD is their Strength; and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper GOD.

7

7 Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
'Till all ſhall meet in Heaven at length,
'Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.
GOD and his Church; or, *Grace and Glory.*

1 GREAT GOD, attend while *Zion* ſings
The Joy that from thy Preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one Day with thee on Earth
Exceeds a thouſand Days of Mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thy Houſe, O GOD of Grace,
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Power
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

3 GOD is our Sun, he makes our Day;
GOD is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

4 All needful Grace will GOD beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too!
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

5 O GOD, our King, whoſe ſovereign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heaven obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee,
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.
Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip; or, *GOD preſent in his Churches.*

1 MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy GOD reſorts!
'Tis Heaven to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

2 There

2 There the great Monarch of the Skies
His saving Pow'r displays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes,
With kind and quickning Rays.

3 With his rich Gifts the heavenly *Dove*,
Descends and fills the Place,
While *Christ* reveals his wondrous Love,
And sheds abroad his Grace.

4 There, mighty GOD, thy Words declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And still we seek thy Mercies there,
And sing thy Praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My Heart and Flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When shall I tread thy Courts and see
My Saviour and my GOD.

6 The Sparrow builds herself a Nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the Sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To set one Day beneath thine Eye,
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

8 Lord, at thy Threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.

9 Could I command the spacious Land,
And the more boundless Sea,
For one blest Hour at thy Right-hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148*th* Psalm.

Longing for the House of GOD.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are.
To thine abode
My Heart aspires
With warm Desires
To see my GOD.

The Sparrow for her Young
2 With Pleasure seeks a Nest,
And wandring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest;
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
3 Their constant Service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To *Zion*'s Hill.

4 They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred Day
Where GOD and Saints abide :
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide,
Where GOD reſorts
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than ſhine in Courts.

6 GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence ;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We drew our Bleſſings thence ;
He ſhall beſtow
On *Jacob*'s Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

7 The Lord his People loves ;
His Hand no Good with-holds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls :
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in thee

PSALM LXXXV. Ver. 1—8. *Firſt Part. Waiting for an Anſwer to Prayer* ; or, *Deliverance begun and compleated.*

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy Doom :
So GOD forgave when *Iſrael* ſinn'd,
And brought his wandring Captives home.

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt Wrath abate :
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy Salvation be compleat.

3 Revive our dying Graces, Lord.
And let thy Saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word:
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

4 We wait to hear what GOD will say;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. Ver. 9, &c. *Second Part.*
Salvation by Christ.

1 SAlvation is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And Grace descending from on high
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford

2 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from Heaven!
By his Obedience so compleat
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is given.

3 Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heavenly Influence bless the Ground
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

4 His Righteousness is gone before,
To give us free Access to GOD;
Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM LXXXVI. Ver. 8---13.
A general Song of Praise to GOD.

1 AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Power divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine,

2 The

2 The Nations, thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their Offerings round thy Throne ;
For thou alone doſt wondrous Things,
For thou art GOD alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy Feet ;
Teach me thine heavenly Ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd Thoughts unite
In GOD my Father's Praiſe.

4 Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet Wonders tell,
How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the Birth Place of the Saints ; or, Jews *and* Gentiles *united in the Chriſtian Church.*

1 GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly Praiſe ;
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But ſtill in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2 His Mercy viſits every Houſe
That pay their Night and Morning Vows ;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3 What Glories were deſcrib'd of old ?
What Wonders are of *Zion* told ?
Thou City of our GOD below,
Thy Fame ſhall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew :
Angels and Men ſhall join to ſing
The Hill where Living-waters ſpring.

5 When GOD makes up his laſt Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,

'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nouriſh'd there !

PSALM LXXXIX, *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.
The Covenant made with Chriſt; or, *The true* David.

1 FOR ever ſhall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord :
Mercy and Truth for ever ſtand
Like Heaven eſtabliſh'd by his Hand.

2 Thus to his Son he ſware, and ſaid,
" With thee my Cov'nant firſt is made;
" In thee ſhall dying Sinners live ;
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt ;
" Thy Children ſhall be ever bleſt ;
" Thou art my choſen King : Thy Throne
" Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

4 " There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image or my Love ;
" Celeſtial Powers thy Subjects are,
" Then what can Earth to thee compare ?

5 " *David*, my Servant, whom I choſe,
" To guard my Flock, to cruſh my Foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* Throne,
" Was but a Shadow of my Son.

6 Now let the Church rejoice and ſing,
Jeſus her Saviour and her King :
Angels his heavenly Wonders ſhow,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.
The Faithfulneſs of GOD.

1 MY never-ceaſing Songs ſhall ſhow
The Mercies of the Lord ;

And

And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

2 The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heaven endure;
And if he speak a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.

3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
But there's a nobler Covenant seal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.

4 His Seed for ever shall possess;
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.*
The Power and Majesty of GOD; or, *Reverential Worship.*

1 WITH Reverence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high Commands with Reverence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

2 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies shine!
Where is the Power that vies with thee?
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

3 The *Northern* Pole and *Southern* rest
On thy supporting Hand;
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*
Move round at thy Command.

4 Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boiſterous Deep ;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

5 Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the Dark World of Hell ;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine
When *Egypt* durſt rebel !

6 Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace :
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy Face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*
A Bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound !
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

2 Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.

3 The Lord our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives :
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*
Chriſt's Mediatorial Kingdom ; or, *His divine and human Nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in Viſion ſaid,
And made his Mercy known :
" Sinners, behold, your Help is laid
" On my Almighty Son.

2 Behold

2 Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race:
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace,

3 High shall he reign on *David*'s Throne,
My People's better King;
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.

4 My Truth shall guard him in his Way
With Mercy by his Side,
While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea
He shall in Triumph ride.

5 Me for his Father and his God,
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high abode,
And I'll support my Son.

6 My first-born Son array'd in Grace,
At my Right-hand shall sit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.

7 My Covenant stands for ever fast,
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heavens his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, *&c. Fifth Part.*
The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, *Affliction without Rejection.*

1 YET (saith the Lord) if *David*'s Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down.

2 Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
And make their Folly smart;

But I'll not ceaſe to be their GOD,
Nor from my Truth depart.

3 My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in Mind;
And what eternal Love hath ſpoke,
Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

4 Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
To *David* and his Race.

5 The Sun ſhall ſee his Offspring riſe
And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.

6 Sure as the Moon that rules the Night
His Kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*
Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.
A Funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our Mortal State,
How frail our Life, how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

2 Lord, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
"Muſt Death for ever rage and reign!
"Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?"

3 Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?

But

But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.

4 That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake our Souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Last Part.* As the 113*th* Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty GOD, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can secure his vital Breath
Against the bold Demands of Death
With Skill to fly, or Power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The Race of Man was only made
"For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust"?
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord where's thy Kindness to the Just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed a heavenly Crown?
But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward,
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and GOD Eternal.

A Mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THRO' every Age, eternal GOD,
Thou art our Reſt our ſafe abode:
High was thy Throne e'er Heaven was made,
Or Earth thy humble Foot-ſtool laid.

2 Long had'ſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd to a Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

3 But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence Lord, was juſt,
"*Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt.*"

4 [A thouſand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thine Account,
Like Yeſterday's departed Light;
Or the laſt Watch of ending Night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream:
An empty Tale; a Morning Flow'r
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

6 [Our Age to ſeventy Years is ſet;
How ſhort the Time! how frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan, than live.

7 But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread:
We fear that Power that ſtrikes us dead.]

8 Teach

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man ;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
'Till a wise Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

PSALM XC. 1--5. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Man frail, and GOD eternal.

1 OUR GOD, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

3 Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From Everlasting thou art GOD,
To endless Years the same.

4 Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return ye Sons of Men ;
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

5 A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone ;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

6 [The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carried downwards by the Flood,
And lost in following Years,

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away ;

They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

3 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie withering e'er 'tis Night.]

9 Our GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM. XC. 8, 11, 2, 10. 12. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, *Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

1 LORD, if thine Eyes ſurvey our Faults,
And Juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt;
By one Offence to thee,
Adam, with all his Sons, have loſt
Their Immortality.

3 Life, like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

5 [Our Vitals with laborious Striſe
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life
Along the tireſome Road.]

6 Almighty GOD, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone:
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

7 Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM XC. Ver. 13, &c. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.
Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O GOD of Love return;
Earth is a tireſome Place:
How long ſhall we thy Children mourn
Our Abſence from thy Face?

2 Let Heaven ſucceed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe,
And in Proportion to our Tears
So make our Joys increaſe.

3 Thy Wonders to thy Servant ſhow,
Make thy own Work compleat;
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

4 Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, Lord;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. Ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.
The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

1 LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

2 Alas,

2 Alas, the brittle Clay
That built for Body first!
And every Month and every Day
'Tis mould'ring back to Dust.

3 Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes stay:
Just like a Flood our hasty Days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our Days must fly,
We'll keep their End in sight,
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
And let them speed their Flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This Life's Tempestuous Sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
Of blest Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1--7. *First Part.*
Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his Refuge GOD,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night shall rest his Head.

2 Then will I say, "My GOD, thy Power
"Shall be my Fortress and my Tower:
"I that am form'd of feeble Dust
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust."

3 Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare;
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.

4 Just as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood,
Under her Feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

5 If burning Beams of Noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential Fire;
GOD is their Life, his Wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful Shade.

6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Riſe thick, and ſcatter Midnight Death,
Iſrael is ſafe: The poiſoned Air
Grows pure, if *Iſrael*'s GOD be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thouſand at thy Side,
At thy Right-Hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy GOD his choſen People ſaves
Amongſt the Dead, amidſt the Graves.

8 So when he ſent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in *Egypt* known,
And ſlew their Sons; his careful Eye
Paſt all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

9 But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his Saints among the reſt,
Their very Pains and Deaths are bleſt.

10 The Sword, the Peſtilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt Deſire;
From Sins and Sorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. 9---16. *Second Part.*

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to every Snare,
Come make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
And try, and truſt his Care.

2 No Ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raise the Saints on high.

3 He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways;
To Watch your Pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy Days.

4 Their Hands shall bear you, least you fall
And dash against the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And sent t' attend his Sons?

5 Adders and Lions ye shall tread;
The Tempters Wiles defeat:
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head
Puts him beneath your Feet.

6 "Because on me they set their Love,
"I'll save them, (saith the Lord),
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above.
"Destruction and the Sword.

7 "My Grace shall answer when they call;
"In Trouble I'll be nigh:
"My Power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on Earth my Name have known,
"I'll honour them in Heaven;
"There my Salvation shall be shown,
"And endless Life be given."

PSALM XCII. *First Part.*
A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,
To shew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2 Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Cares ſhall ſeize my Breaſt,
O may my Heart in Tune be found
Like *David*'s Harp of ſolemn Sound !

3 My Heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word ;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they ſhine !
How deep thy Counſels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high ;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die ;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, 'till thy Breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting Death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

6 Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more :
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee and hear and know
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below ;
And every Power find ſweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

PSALM XCII. Ver. 12, &c. *Second Part.*
The Church is the Garden of GOD.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant Thing to ſtand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand ;
Let me within thy Courts be ſeen
Like a young *Cedar*, freſh and green.

2 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Bleſt with thine Influence from above ;
Not *Lebanon* with all its Trees
Yields ſuch a comely Sight as theſe.

3 The

3 The Plants of Grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with Fruits of Age they shew,
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend his Gates shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. 1st Metre. As the 100th *Psalm.*

The Eternal and Sovereign GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns : He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might :
The World created by his Hands
Still on its first Foundation stands.

2 But e'er this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundation laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thy Self the ever-living GOD.

3 Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies ;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high !
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

4 For ever shall thy Throne endure ;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. 2d Metre. As the old 50th *Psal.*

1 THE Lord of Glory reigns, he reigns on high ;
His Robes of State are Strength and Majesty :
This wide Creation rose at his Command,
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand.
Long stood his Throne e'er he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

2 God

2 God is th' eternal King. Thy Foes in vain
Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:
In vain, the Storms; in vain the Floods arise,
And roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies;
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion
But Heaven's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

3 Ye Tempests rage no more; Ye Floods be still,
And the mad World submissive to his Will:
Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand:
Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand;
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Foot-stool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. 3d Metre.

As the Old 122d Psalm.

1 THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sovereign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy Commands,
The World securely stands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry Spite
The surly Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

4 Let

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Powers engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new,
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove;
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.

Repeat the fourth Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7,—14. *First Part.*

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or, *Instructive Afflictions.*

1 O GOD! to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sovereign Power redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.

2 They say, "*The Lord nor sees nor hears*;
When will the Fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Power:
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain
In some surprizing Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their GOD.

5 Blest

5 Bleſt is the Man thy Hands chaſtiſe,
And to his Duty draw;
Thy Scourges make thy Children wiſe.
When they forget thy Law.

6 But GOD will ne'er caſt off his Saints,
Nor his own Promiſe break;
He pardons his Inheritance
For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. *Ver*, 16--23. *Second Part.*
GOD our Support and Comfort; or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Perſecution.*

1 WHO will ariſe and plead my Right
Againſt my numerons Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppoſe.

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Suſtain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongſt the Dead.

3 *Alas! my ſliding Feet!* I cry'd,
Thy Promiſe was my Prop;
Thy Grace ſtood conſtant by my Side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Boſom roll,
Thy boundleſs Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts chear my Soul.

5 Pow'rs of Iniquity may riſe,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But GOD my Refuge rules the Skies,
He will defend my Cauſe.

6 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blaſphemers ſcoff; The

The Lord our God shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.
A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord, *Jehovah*'s Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Nature seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

6 Now is the Time, he bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;
Come, least he rouze his Wrath, and swear,
"*Ye shall not see my Rest.*

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.
A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He

He form'd the Deeps unknown :
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The watry Worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid Ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his Works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.

4 To Day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod ;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

5 But if your Ears refuſe
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like ſtubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving Race ;

6 The Lord in Vengeance dreſt
Will lift his Hand, and ſwear,
" *You that deſpiſe my promis'd Reſt,*
" *Shall have no Portion there.*"

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6---11. Long-Metre.

Canaan *loſt thro' Unbelief*; or *a Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1 COME, let our Voices join to raiſe
A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe :
GOD is a ſovereign King; rehearſe
His Honour in exalted Verſe.

2 Come, let our Souls addreſs the Lord,
Who Fram'd our Natures with his Word,
He is our Shepherd ; we the Sheep
His Mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
The Counſels of his Love obey,

Nor

Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Israel* knew.

4 *Israel*, that saw his Works of Grace
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face;
A faithless unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their GOD.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove!*
"*Forget my Power; abuse my Love;*
"*Since they despise my Rest, I swear,*
"*Their Feet shall never enter there.*"

6 [Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to Day,
Nor lose the Blessings by Delay.

7 Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heavenly Gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, *&c.* Common Metre.
CHRIST's *first* and *second Coming*.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of every Tongue;
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

2 Say to the Nations, *Jesus* reigns,
GOD's own Almighty Son;
His Power the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.

3 Let Heaven proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy through the Earth be seen;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in chearful Green.

4 Let

4 Let an unusual Joy surprize
The Islands of the Sea :
Ye Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his Way,

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The Nations as their GOD ;
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad ,

6 But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread,
To see their Judge appear ?

PSALM XCVI. As the 113*th* Psalm.

The GOD of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raise,
To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah*'s Name :
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving Works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord ;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
In Deserts known *Jehovah* known :
Our Worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made ;
Our Maker is our GOD alone.

3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the shining Worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in Glory there :
His Beams are Majesty and Light ;
His Beauties how divinely bright !
His Temple how divinely fair !

4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth shall feel his saving Power,
And barbarous Nations fear his Name:
Then shall the Race of Men confess
The Beauty of his Holiness,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. 1---5. *First Part.*
Christ *reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour regns!
Praise him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround:
Justice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

4 His Enemies with sore Dismay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. 6---9. *Second Part.*
Christ's *Incarnation.*

1 THE LORD is come; the Heavens proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eastern* Sages to their GOD.

2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below.

3

3 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound:
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſovereign King.

PSALM XCVII. *Third Part.*
Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Though Clouds and Darkneſs vale his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-ſeat.

2 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate every Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

3 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The ſacred Honours of the Lord;
None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5--7, 11. Common Metre.
Chriſt's *Incarnation, and the laſt Judgment.*

1 YE Iſlands of the *Nothern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

2 His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Vallies riſe;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

3 The Heav'ns his rightful Power proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

5 His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. *Firſt Part.*
Praiſe for the Goſpel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, GOD;
New Honours be addreſs'd;
His great Salvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the Nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the Word to *Abraham* firſt,
His Truth fulfils his Grace;
The *Gentiles* make his Name their Truſt,
And learn his Righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her different Tongues;
And ſpread the Honour of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*
The Meſſiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

1 JOY to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King: Let

Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heaven and Nature ſing.

2 Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains,
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

3 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow,
Far as the Curſe is found.

4 He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. *Firſt Part.*

Chriſt's *Kingdom and Majeſty.*

1 THE GOD *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2 *Jeſus* the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3 In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine,
His Church ſhall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praiſe!
Juſtice and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

PSALM XCIX. *Second Part.*
A Holy GOD worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXalt the Lord our GOD,
And worship at his Feet:
His Nature is all Holiness,
And Mercy is his Seat.

2 When *Israel* was his Church,
When *Aaron* was his Priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his People Rest.

3 Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known
When they abus'd his Grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our GOD,
Whose Grace is still the same;
Still he's a GOD of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Metre. *A Plain Translation.*
Praise to our Creator.

1 YE Nations round the Earth, rejoyce
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory sing.

2 The Lord is GOD: 'Tis he alone
Doth Life, and Breath, and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

3 Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praises to his Courts repair;
And make it your divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

4 The

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy sure:
And the whole Race of Man shall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

1 SING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The British Isles shall send the Noise
A-cross the Ocean to the Shore.

2 Nations attend before his Throne
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy:
Know that the Lord is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

3 His sov'reign Power without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

4 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

5 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heaven, our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

6 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love?
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.
The Magistrates Psalm.

1 MERCY and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to thee belong,

My gracious GOD, my righteous King,
To Thee my Songs and Vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsel from thy Word,
Thy Justice and thy heavenly Grace
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.

3 Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my GOD with me reside:
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.

4 No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the Land, and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth and Trust:
The Men that work thy holy Will
Shall be my Friends and Favourites still.]

6 In vain shall Sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious Lies:
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious Crew (that factious Band)
Shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land;
And all that break the publick Rest,
Where I have Power, shall be suppress.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my GOD my Vows,
Thy Grace and Justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my House.

2 Now

2 Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine Eyes.

3 The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong
By Falshood or by Force,
The scornful Eye, the slanderous Tongue,
I'll thrust them from my Doors.

4 I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy;
These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

5 The Wretch that deals in sly Deceit
I'll not endure a Night!
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

6 I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee;
So shall my House be ever found
A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM CII. 1,—13, 20, 21. *First Part.*
A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me O God, nor hide thy Face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry.

2 My Days are wasted like the Smoke
Dissolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

3 My Spirits flag like withering Grass
Burnt with excessive Heat:
In secret Groans my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely Building's Top,
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My Soul is like a Wilderness,
Where Beasts of Midnight howl;
There the sad Raven finds her Place,
And there the screaming Owl.

6 Dark dismal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breast;
While sharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Rest.

7 My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repast;
My daily Bread like Ashes grows
Unpleasant to my Taste.

8 Sense can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown;
Lord 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath cast me down.

9 My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Evening-Shadows are
That vanish into Night.

10 But Thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal GOD;
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long expected Day.

12 He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways Redeems

Redeems the Prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

PSALM CII. 13--21. *Second Part.*
Prayer heard, and Zion *restored.*

1 LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour:
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.

2 Her Dust and Ruins that remain,
Are precious in our Eyes;
Those Ruins shall be built again,
And *all* that Dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
And stand in Glory there;
Nations, shall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

4 He sits a Sovereign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes:
He hears the dying Prisoners groan,
And sees their Sighs arise.

5 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It shan't be said, "That praying Breath
"Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23--28. *Third Part.*
Man's Mortality, and Christ's *Eternity*; or, *Saints die, but* Christ *and the Church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease

Diſeaſe and Death at his Command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our Days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon;
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And muſt thy Children die ſo ſoon?

3 Yet in the midſt of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow ſhall aſſwage;
" Our Father and our Saviour live;
" *Chriſt* is the ſame thro' every Age.

4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, theſe Heav'ns ſhall fade;
And all be chang'd at his Command.

5 The ſtarry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments ſhall be laid aſide:
But ſtill thy Throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever muſt abide.

6 Before thy Face thy Church ſhall live;
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. 1,—7. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Bleſſing GOD for his Goodneſs to Soul and Body.

1 BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my Soul, the GOD of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe:
Why ſhould the Wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in Silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis

3 'Tis He, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes, which thou hast done;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

4 The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels,
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.

5 Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:
He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

6 He sees the Oppressor and th' Oppress,
And often gives the Sufferers Rest:
But will his Justice more display
In the last great rewarding Day.

7 [His Power he shew'd by *Moses'* Hands,
And gave to *Israel* his Commands;
But sent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole Earth his Power confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

GOD's gentle Chastisement; or, *His tender Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

2 Not half so high his Power hath spread
The starry Heavens above our Head, As

As his rich Love exceeds our Praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt Hopes we raiſe.

3 Not half ſo far hath Nature plac'd
The riſing Morning from the *Weſt*,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.

4 How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies:
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn!

5 Amidſt his Wrath Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins:
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

6 So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe,
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes:
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty GOD, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.

8 He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by every Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or Morning Flowers that fade at Noon.

9 But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall endure:
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1--7. *First Part.* Short Metre.
Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O Bless the Lord, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
Whose Favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my Soul;
Nor let his Mercies lie,
Forgotten in Unthankfulness;
And without Praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy Sins,
'Tis He relieves thy Pain,
'Tis He that heals thy Sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ransom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell
Hath sovereign Pow'r to save.

5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Rest;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Justice for th' Oppress.

6 His wondrous Works and Ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the World his Truth and Grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8--18. *Second Part.*
Short Metre.
Abounding Compassion of GOD; or, *Mercy in the midst of Judgment.*

1 MY Soul, repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 GOD

2 God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thought exceed.

4 His Power ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love
Far as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

5 The Pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

6 He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with every Breath:
His Anger like a riſing Wind
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

7 Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

8 But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.
God's univerſal Dominion; or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the ſovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

2 Ye

2 Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright Hosts, who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous Works
Through his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shall sing his Graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 MY Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Note, *This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the Old* 112*th or* 127*th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza,* (viz.)

Great is the Lord; What Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?

[*Otherwise it must be sung as the* 100*th Psalm.*]

2 The Heavens are for his Curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed;
Clouds are his Chariot when he flies
On winged Storms a-cross the Skies.

3 Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
His Ministers are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

4 The

4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd and shall for ever stand:
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

6 The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

7 He bids the crystal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go,
Tame Heifers there their Thirst allay,
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.

8 From pleasant Trees which shade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raise,
And chide our Silence in his Praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy Cistern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy Food arise,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man of various Power,
To nourish Nature, or to cure.

11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a shining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with generous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces shine.

nations
12 O bleſs his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread:
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately Cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring aſk their Meat from GOD;
But when the Morning-Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

17 The Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:
Sleep is thy Gift, that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

18 How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill!
And every Land thy Riches fill:
Thy Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of Thee.

19 Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep,
With wond'rous Motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.

20 There

20 There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of ſcaly Monſters play ;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of Man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vaſt are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
All Nature reſts upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures ſtands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good :
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent Forms.

23 But when thy Face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their Duſt return ;
Both Man and Beaſt their Souls reſign :
Life, Breath and Spirit, all is thine.

24 Yet thou canſt breathe on Duſt again,
And fill the World with Beaſts and Men ;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Waſtes of Time and Death.

25 His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight :
How awful are his glorious Ways !
The Lord is dreadful in his Praiſe.

26 The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke ;
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſovereign Grace.

27 In thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet ;
Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.

28 Whil

While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my GOD, my heavenly King
Immortal *Hallelujah*'s ſing.

PSALM CV. Abridg'd.

God's Conduct of Iſrael, *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

GIVE Thanks to GOD, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound through the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.

His Cov'nant which he kept in Mind
For num'rous Ages paſt,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

He ſware to *Abr'ham* and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſings ſure:
Gentiles the ancient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

" Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
" And *Canaan*'s Land ſhall be their Reſt,
" The Type of heav'nly Joys.

[How large the Grant! how rich the Grace
To give them *Canaan*'s Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

Like Pilgrims through the Countries round
Securely they remov'd:
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

" Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
" Shall ſoon avenge the Wrong:

" The

" The Man that does my Prophets harm
" Shall know their GOD is ſtrong."

8 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear:
Iſrael *muſt live through every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.]
PAUSE I.

9 When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their GOD,
Moſes was ſent at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

10 He call'd for Darkneſs : Darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood.
He turn'd each Lake and every Stream
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

11 He gave the Sign, and noiſome Flies
Thro' the whole Country ſpread ;
And Frogs in croaking Armies riſe
About the Monarch's Bed.

12 Thro' Fields and Towns and Palaces
The tenfold Vengeance flew ;
Locuſts in Swarms devour'd their Trees
And Hail their Cattle ſlew.

13 Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke
The Flower of *Egypt* dy'd ;
The Strength of every Houſe was broke,
Their Glory and their Pride.

14 *Now let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear ;
Iſrael *muſt live thro' every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.
PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground ; Each

Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right,
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

17 They thirst; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following still the Course they took
Ran all the Desart thro'.

18 O wond'rous Stream! O blessed Type
Of ever flowing Grace!
So *Christ* our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The chosen Tribes possest
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Rest.

20 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
The Church renounce her Fear;
Israel *must live thro' every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. 1,---5. *First Part.*
Praise to GOD; or, *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO God the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let Songs of Honour be addrest;
His Mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

2 Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise?
Blest are the Souls that fear thee still,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

3 Remember

3 Remember what thy Mercy did
For *Jacob*'s Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.

4 O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, 8, 12,---14, 43,—48.

Iſrael *puniſh'd and pardon'd*; or, *GOD's unchangeable Love.*

1 GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did *Iſrael* prove
Thy Conſtancy of Grace!

2 They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

3 Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when the mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans;
Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.

5 Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.

6 Let

6 Let *Israel* bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race ;
And Christians join the solemn Word
Amen to all the Praise.

PSALM CVII. *First Part.*

Israel *led to* Canaan, *and Christians to Heaven.*

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD : He reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love:
His Mercy Ages past have known,
And Ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record ;
Israel, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

3 [When GOD's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' *Egyptian* Yoke,
They trac'd the Desart wandring round ;
A wild and solitary Ground !

4 There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode ;
Nor Food, nor Fountain to assuage
Their burning Thirst, or Hunger's Rage,]

5 In their Distress to GOD they cry'd,
GOD was their Saviour and their Guide ;
He led their March far wand'ring round ;
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan*'s Ground.

6 Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and *Satan*'s Chain,
We have this desart World to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome Place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray,

He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

8 O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Second Part.*

Corrections for Sin, and Releaſe by Prayer.

1 FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
GOD and his Grace are ſtill the ſame:
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with every Good.

2 But if their Hearts rebel and riſe
Againſt the GOD that rules the Skies;
If they reject his heav'nly Word,
And ſlight the Counſels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with Grief they waſh their Breath
In Darkneſs and the Shades of Death.

4 Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries,
He makes the dawning Light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal Shade
That hung ſo heavy round their Head.

5 He cuts the Bars of Braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling Priſ'ners thro';
Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the labouring Soul Relief.

6 O my the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Third Part.*

Intemperance punish'd and pardon'd; or, *A Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1 VAIN Man on foolish Pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own Punishment;
What Pains, what loathsome Maladies
From Luxury and Lust arise!

2 The Drunkard feels his Vitals waste;
Yet drowns his Health to please his Taste;
'Till all his active Pow'rs are lost,
And fainting Life draws near the Dust.

3 The Glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His Soul abhors delicious Meat;
Nature with heavy Loads oppress
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighten'd Sinners fly
To GOD for Help with earnest Cry!
He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,
And saves them from approaching Death.

5 No Med'cines could effect the Cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly Sentence GOD repeals,
He sends his sov'reign Word, and heals.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful Offering prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, *The Seaman's Song.*

1 WOULD you behold the Works of GOD,
His Wonders in the World abroad,

Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

2 They leave their native Shores behind,
And seize the Favour of the Wind;
'Till God command, and Tempests rise
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

3 Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful Deeps again;
What strange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring Drunkard reel!

4 When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Lost to all Hope, to GOD they cry:
His Mercy hears the loud Address,
And sends Salvation in Distress.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage,
The furious Waves forgot their Rage;
'Tis calm; and Sailors smile to see
The Haven where they wish'd to be.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private Offerings bring,
And in the Church his Glory sing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY Works of Glory mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
The Sons of Courage shall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

2 At thy Command the Winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
And sink in gaping Graves.

3 [Again

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the Tempeſt roar,
They pant with fluttering Breath;
And hopeleſs of the diſtant Shore
Expect immediate Death]

5 Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries;
He hears the loud Requeſt,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to reſt.

6 Sailors rejoyce to loſe their Fears,
And ſee the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears;
There let their Vows be paid.

7 'Tis GOD that brings them ſafe to Land;
Let ſtupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

8 O that the Sons of Men would praiſe
The Goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous Ways
Thy wond'rous Love record.

PSALM CVII. *Laſt Part.*

Colonies planted; or, *Nations bleſt and puniſhed.*

A PSALM for *New-England.*

1 WHEN GOD, provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madneſs of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

2 His Word can raiſe the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry Bleſſings from the Skies;
And Harveſts in the Deſarts riſe.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but Beaſt of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' Oppreſt and poor repair,
And builds them Towns and Cities there.

4 They ſow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly Fruit ſupplies their Want;
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increaſes with their Flocks.

5 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A ſavage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barb'rous Hands.

6 Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The Country lies unſenc'd, untill'd,
And Deſolation ſpreads the Field.

7 Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns:
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

8 The Righteous with a joyful Senſe
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more,
Blaſpheme the GOD that Saints adore.

9 How few with pious Care record
Theſe wond'rous Dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

PSALM

PSALM CIX. Ver. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

1 GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
With a blaspheming Tongue.

2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found;
With cruel Slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.

3 Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
Their Peace he still pursu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,
Yet with his dying Breath
He pray'd for Murd'rers on his Cross,
And blest his Foes in Death.

5 Lord shall thy bright Example shine
In vain before my Eyes;
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine Enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name
I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or, *The Success of the Gospel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To *Christ* the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my Right-hand, 'till I shall make
"Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

2 " From *Zion* ſhall thy Word proceed,
" Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand.
" Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
" And bow their Wills to thy Command.

3 " That Day ſhall ſhew thy Pow'r is great,
" When Saints ſhall flock with willing Minds,
" And Sinners crowd thy Temple-Gate,
" Where Holineſs in Beauty ſhines."

4 O bleſſed Power! O glorious Day!
What a large Victʼry ſhall enſue;
And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

PSALM CX. *Second Part* Long Metre.
The Kingdom and Prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 THUS the great Lord of Earth and Sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" And change from Hand to Hand no more.

2 " *Aaron*, and all his Sons, muſt die:
" But everlaſting Life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

3 " By me *Melchiſedec* was made
" On Earth a King and Prieſt at once;
" And Thou, my heav'nly Prieſt, ſhalt plead;
" And Thou, my King, ſhalt rule my Sons."

4 *Jeſus* the Prieſt aſcends his Throne,
While Counſels of eternal Peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Succeſs.

5 Thro' the whole Earth his Reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the Powers that dare rebel:
Then ſhall he judge the riſing Dead,
And ſend the guilty World to Hell.

6 Tho'

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Sufferings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance him near to GOD.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ's *Kingdom and Prieſthood.*

1 JESUS, our Lord aſcend thy Throne
And near thy Father ſit;
In *Zion* ſhall thy Power be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit,

2 What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy ſovereign Grace.

3 GOD hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
"When *Aaron* is no more.

4 "*Melchiſedec*, that wond'rous Prieſt,
"That King of high Degree,
"That holy Man who *Abraham* bleſt
"Was but a Type of Thee."

5 *Jeſus* our Prieſt forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The Bleſſings of his Love.

6 GOD ſhall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the Powers and Princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his Reign.

PSALM CXI. *First Part.*

The Wisdom of GOD in his Works.

1 SONGS of immortal Praise belong
To my Almighty GOD;
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
To spread his Name abroad.

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in every Age have sought
His Wonders with Delight.

3 How most exact is Nature's Frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His Counsels never change the Scheme
That his first Thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant sure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce
To endless Years endure.

5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim,
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name?

6 To fear thy Pow'r to trust thy Grace,
Is our divinest Skill!
And he's the wisest of our Race
That best obeys thy Will.

PSALM CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of GOD.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his Works of Might
Demand our noblest Songs:
Let his assembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

2 Great

2 Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his Cov'nant sure:
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his Fear begin;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating every Sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred Law:
His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;
His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An unexhausted Treasury,
And with successive Honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
A generous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's just to all Mankind.

3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Like a green Root revives and bears
A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;

His

His Conscience holds his Courage up :
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :
And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill Tidings never can surprize
His Heart that fix'd on GOD relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempests roar around :
Safe on a Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croft :
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite,
Sink down to everlasting Night.
And all their Names in Darkness lost]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THRICE happy Man who fears the Lord,
Loves his Commands, and trusts his Word ;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the Poor some present Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,
For GOD with all his Pow'r is there.

4 His Soul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heav'nly Courage from his Word :

Amidst

Amidſt the Darkneſs Light ſhall riſe,
To chear his Heart and bleſs his Eyes,

5 He hath diſpers'd his Alms abroad,
His Works are ſtill before his GOD;
His Name on Earth ſhall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.
Liberality rewarded

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.

2 As Pity dwells within his Breaſt
To all the Sons of Need;
So GOD ſhall anſwer his Requeſt
With Bleſſings on his Seed.

3 No evil Tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well-eſtabliſh'd Mind;
His Soul to GOD, his Refuge flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

4 In Times of general Diſtreſs
Some Beams of Light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the World his Righteouſneſs,
And give him Peace divine.

5 His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth and Joys above
Shall be his ſure Reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune.
The Majeſty and Condeſcention of GOD.

1 YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The Honours of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs: What-

What-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.

2 Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds,
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height;
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

3 He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things:
His sovereign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

4 When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessings of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name;
The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praises and her Joys;
Let every Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

GOD Sovereign and Gracious.

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In every Age his Praises sing;
Where e'er the Sun shall rise or set,
The Nations shall his Praise repeat.

2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
Stands his high Throne of Majesty;
Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal Reign.

3 Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels with their God compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light; 4 Be-

1 Behold his Love, he ſtoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

5 From Duſt and Cottages obſcure
His Grace exalts the Humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heavenly Thrones.

6 [A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren Houſe rejoice:
Tho' *Sarah*'s ninety Years were paſt,
The promis'd Seed is born at laſt.

7 With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders GOD has done;
Faith may grow ſtrong when Senſe deſpairs;
If Nature fails the Promiſe bears.]

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's *Journey.*

1 WHEN *Iſra'l*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

2 A-croſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way;
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

3 The Mountains ſhock like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leep!
Not *Sinai* on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Pow'r at Hand.

4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordon* backward roll his Tide?

Why

Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood
Retire and know th' approaching GOD,
The King of *Israel*: see him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the Lord.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true GOD our Refuge; or, *Idolatry reprov'd.*

1 NOT to our ourſelves, who are but Duſt,
Not to ourſelves is Glory due,
Eternal GOD, thou only Juſt,
Thou only Gracious, Wiſe and True.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why ſhould a *Heathen*'s haughty Tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our Shame,
Say, "*Where's the GOD you've ſerv'd ſo long?*

3 The GOD we ſerve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

4 But the vain Idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs Shapes of Stone and Wood:
At beſt a maſs of glitt'ring Ore,
A ſilver Saint, or golden God.

5 [With Eyes and Ears, they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are coſtly Offerings made,
And Vows are ſcatter'd in the Wind.

6 Their

6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy Hope.
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest;
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.

8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence in the Grave;
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre. As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of *November*.

1 NOT to our Names, Thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless Names is Glory due:
Thy Power and Grace, thy Truth and Justice claim
Immortal Honours to thy sov'reign Name
Shine thro' the Earth from Heav'n, thy blest Abode,
Nor let the Heathens say: *And where's your God?*

2 Heav'n is thine higher Court: There stands thy Throne,
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:
Our God fram'd all this Earth, these Heavens he spread,
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made;
The kneeling Croud, with Looks devout, behold
Their Silver-Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.

3 [Vain are those artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither sees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpless, nor their Feet can move,
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Power, nor Love:
Yet to this fish Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveless Saints.

4 The

4 The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The Poor content with Gods of coarser Mould,
With Tools of Iron carve the senseless Stock
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Priest drive on the solemn Trade,
And trust the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

5 Be Heaven and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their Gods, or they.
O *Israel*, trust the Lord: He hears and sees,
He knows thy Sorrows and restores thy Peace:
His Worship does a thousand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thine heav'nly Shield.

6 *Columbia* trust the Lord: Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin and oppose his Reign;
Had they prevail'd Darkness had clos'd our Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praise:
But we are sav'd, and live: Let Songs arise,
Columbia bless the God that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. *First Part.*

Recovery from Sickness.

1 I Love the Lord: He heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan,
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

2 I love the Lord: He bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more despair,
When I have Breath to pray!

3 My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

4 "My God, I cry'd, thy Servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,
"Thy Pow'r is all my Trust. 5 The

The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my Pains remove:
Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

5 My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, *Publick Thanks for private Deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

2 Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Offerings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

3 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight?
How precious is their Blood?

4 How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life which thou hast made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my Purpose move;
Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

6 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record:
Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.
Praise to GOD from all Nations.

1 O All ye Nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different Tongue;
In every Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be sung.

2 His Mercy reigns thro' ev'ry Land:
Proclaim his Grace abroad;
For ever firm his Truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful GOD.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies
Let the Creator's Praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
Till Sun shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant Lands:
Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word:
Thy Truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine Honour spread,
And long thy Praise endure,
Till Morning Light and Evening Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 6—15.
Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
What all the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heaven affords its Aid.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

3 Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

4 'Tis thro' the Lord my Heart is strong,
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!

5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly:
So burning Thorns with crack'ling Sound
Make a fierce Blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The Lord protects their Days:
Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Part.* Ver. 17---21.
Publick Praise for Deliverance from Death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If GOD resolve to save.)

2 Thy Praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand that hath chastis'd him sore
Defends him still from Death.

3 Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
For we shall worship there,
The House where all the Righteous go
Thy Mercy to declare.

4 Among

4 Among th' Assemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raise;
There we have told thee our Complaints,
And there we speak thy Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 22, 23.
Christ *the Foundation of the Church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation Stone
Which GOD in *Zion* lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praise.

2 Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,
They trust their whole Salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer Shame.

3 The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
Reject it with Disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And Envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood?
Yet must this Building rise:
'Tis thy own Work Almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* Ver. 24, 25, 26.
Hosanna; *the Lord's-Day*; or, Christ's *Resurrection, and our Salvation.*

1 THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround thy Throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the Dead;
And *Satan*'s Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

3 *Hosanna*

3 *Hosanna* to th' anointed King,
To *David*'s holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To save our sinful Race.

5 *Hosanna* in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Ver. 22--27. Short Metre.
An Hosanna *for the Lord's-Day*; or, *A new Song of Salvation by Christ.*

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon
In spite of envious *Jews*.

2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,
As the chief Corner-stone.

3 The Work, O Lord, is thine,
And Wondrous in our Eyes:
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did *Jesus* rise.

4 This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

5 *Hosanna* to the King
Of *David*'s royal Blood; Bless

Bleſs him, ye Saints he comes to bring
Salvation from your GOD.

6 We bleſs thine holy Word
Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. 22---27. Long Metre.
An Hoſanna *for the Lord's Day*; or, *A new Song of Salvation by* Chriſt.

1 LO! what a glorious Corner-ſtone
The *Jewiſh* Builders did refuſe:
But GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In ſpight of Envy and the *Jews*.

2 Great GOD, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad:
Hoſannah, let his Name be bleſt;
A thouſand Honours on his Head
With Peace and Light and Glory reſt!

4 In God's own Name he comes, to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

[*I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a* Divine Song *upon each of them But the Verſes are much tranſpoſed, to attain ſome Degree of Connection*

In ſome Places, among the Words Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace,

Grace, Truth, Promises, &c. *as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common Language of Christians, and it equally answers the Design of the* Psalmist, *which was to recommend the holy Scripture.*

PSALM CXIX. First Part.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whose Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from every Sin.

2 Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,
And serve Thee with their Hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

Ver. 21 118

5 But haughty Sinners GOD will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the Dross the Wicked are:
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedness; or, *Confam Converse with GOD.*

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious God I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

Ver. 81.

2 My Spirit faints to see thy Grace,
Thy Promise bears me up:
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven Times a Day I lift my Hand,
And pay my Thanks to Thee,
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When Midnight-Darkness veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Profession of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my GOD;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chuse the Path of heavenly Truth,
And glory in my Choice:
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The

3 The Teſtimonies of thy Grace
I ſet before my Eyes;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.
Ver. 59.
4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning Grace.
Ver. 94, 114.
5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy Servant, Lord,
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My Hope is in thy Word.
Ver. 112.
6 Thou haſt inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal Life ſhall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Inſtruction from Scripture.
Ver. 9.
1 HOW ſhall the Young ſecure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin;
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts
To keep the Conſcience clean.
Ver. 130.
2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find,
And raiſe their Thoughts to GOD.
Ver. 105.
3 'Tis like the Sun, a heavenly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe ;
I hate the Sinner's Road :
I hate my own vain Thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my GOD.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The ſtarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place ;
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Power expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, Lord,
Have Leſſons more divine :
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy Word is everlaſting Truth
How pure is ev'ry Page !
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth Part.*
Delight in Scripture ; or, *the Word of* GOD *dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1 O How I love thy holy Law !
'Tis daily my Delight ;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word :

My

My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, Lord.
Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage?
How well employ my Tongue,
And in my tiresome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly Song.
Ver 19, 103.

4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feast;
Nor Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taste.
Ver. 72, 127.

5 No Treasures so enrich the Mind;
Nor shall thy Word be sold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.
Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When Nature sinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.
Ver, 97, 9.

2 Thy Precepts often I survey:
I keep thy Law in Sight
Thro' all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
" How sweet thy Comforts be;
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill,
At some good Word of thine,
Not Mighty Men that share the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. paraphras'd.

1 LET all the *Heathen* Writers join
To form one perfect Book,
Great GOD, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look.

2 Not the most perfect Rules they gave
Could shew one Sin forgiv'n:
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave,
But thine conduct to Heaven.

3 I've seen an End to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet Men would fain be just with GOD,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

5 In vain we boast Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And sinks our Virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the Name.

6 Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace
Fall far below thy Word; But

But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

The Word of GOD is the Saint's Portion; or, *The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. 111. paraphras'd.

1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage;
There shall my noblest Powers rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight.
While through the Promises I rove,
With ever-fresh Delight.

3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise.
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

4 The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of Knowledge; or, *The Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy due,
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant Guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confeſs'd my wandring Ways,
Thou heard'ſt my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If GOD to me his Statutes ſhew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll purſue,
His Law ſhall rule my Heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief:
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

Ver 51.

7 [In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that bleſſed Goſpel go
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promiſes.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEhold thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear; Remember

Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.
Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.
Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.
Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didſt thou not raiſe my Faith, O Lord?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*

Breathing after Holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O That the Lord would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will!
Ver. 29

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart,
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.
Ver. 37, 36.

3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My Soul hath gone too far astray,
My Feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend against my GOD.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY GOD, consider my Distress,
Let Mercy plead my Cause:
Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a Surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppress;
But make thy waiting Servant see
The Shinings of thy Face.

Ver. 82.

4 My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,

" *When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,*
" *And make my Comforts rise?*
Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy Grace the same
As thou art ever won't t' afford
To those that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole Heart I've sought thy Face,
O let me never stray,
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way.
Ver. 11.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conscience clean,
And be an everlasting Guard
From ev'ry rising Sin.
Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.
Ver. 161, 163.

4 While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.
Ver. 161, 120.

5 My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word;
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

Ver.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My GOD, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation ſtill;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*
Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONſider all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliv'rance ſend;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end!

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;
Afflictions make me learn the Law,
And live upon my GOD.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Diſtreſs begins:
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy Word been my Delight
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppreſt with Sorrows Weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt Sufferings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful Care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſtening Rod,
My Feet were apt to ſtray;

But

But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O That thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r
And daily Peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and *Satan*'s hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right.
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lyes,
Thy Law is my Delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill:
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

PSALM

PSALM CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*

Prayer for quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt;
Lord, give me Life divine;
From vain Deſires and ev'ry Luſt
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

2 I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

Ver. 107.

3 When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill
And thou a faithful GOD?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face?
And yet how ſlow my Spirit move
Without enliv'ning Grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt it's quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth Part: Courage and Perseverance under Persecution*; or, *Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN Pain and Anguish seize me, Lord,
All my Support is from thy Word:
My Soul dissolves for Heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning Grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lyes,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin;
Yet thy Commands, I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a Cause,
They hate to see me love thy Laws;
But I will trust and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Last Part.*

Sanctify'd Afflictions; or, *Delight in the Word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chastising Rod,
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
E're I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
I left my Guide, and lost my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

Ver.

Ver. 72.

4 The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth
Shall raiſe my chearful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the *South*,
Or *Weſtern* Hills of golden Ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within :
Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
And guard me ſafe from Death and Sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelſome Neighbours ; or, *A devout Wiſh for Peace.*

1 THOU God of Love, thou Ever-bleſt,
Pity my ſuffering State ;
When wilt thou ſet my Soul at Reſt,
From Lips that love Deceit ?

2 Hard Lot of mine ! My Days are caſt
Among the Sons of Strife,
Whoſe never ceaſing Brawlings waſte
My golden Hours of Life.

3 O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I chuſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome Wilderneſs,
And leave theſe Gates of Hell !

4 Peace is the Bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its Charms !
I am for Peace ; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for Arms.

5 New

5 New Paſſions ſtill their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice ſtrong:
What ſhall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

6 Should burning Arrows ſmite thee thro',
Strict Juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

1 UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the Everlaſting GOD,
That built the World, that ſpread the Flood;
The Heav'ns, with all their Hoſt he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

3 He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning Smiles bleſs all the Day:
He ſpreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The ſilent Hours while *Iſrael* ſleeps.

4 *Iſrael*, a Name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber, nor Surprize.

5 No Sun ſhall ſmite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with ſickly Ray
Shall blaſt thy Couch; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire ſo far.

6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return;

Safe

Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

7 On thee foul Spirits have no Pow'r;
And in thy last departing Hour
Angels that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy GOD.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.
Preservation by Day and Night.

1 TO Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the Earth and Skies
Is my perpetual Aid.

2 Their Feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His Ear attends the softest Call;
His Eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest Pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm,
And watch our most unguarded Hours
Against surprizing Harm.

4 *Israel* rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Power
For thine eternal Guard.

5 Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon
Shall have its Leave to smite:
He shields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blasting Damps at Night.

6 He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickest Dangers come;
Go and return, secure from Death,
Till GOD commands thee home.

PSALM

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.
God our Preserver.

1 UPward I lift mine Eyes,
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
GOD is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2 My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears.
Those wakeful Eyes
That never sleep,
Shall *Israel* keep
When Dangers rise.

3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Ev'ning Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.
Going to Church.

1 HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly say,
"*In* Zion *let us all appear,*
"*And keep the solemn Day:*

2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace
Stands like a Palace built for GOD
To shew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne
And sits in Judgment there.

4 He hears our Praises and Complaints!
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest!
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants blest!

6 My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.
Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the People cry,
Come, let us seek our GOD to Day;
Yes with a chearful Zeal
We haste to *Zion*'s Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In Thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

3 There *David*'s greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne,
He sits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saints be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait
To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A thousand Blessings on him rest!

5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"*Peace to his sacred House*!
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his best Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

1 O Thou whose Grace and Justice reign
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke!
Or Maids before their Mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful Look.

3 So

3 So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O GOD;
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove the Rod.

4 Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.

5 Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
In thy Compassion lies;
This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
That GOD will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the Fifth of November.

1 HAD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the swelling of the Tide;

2 The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

3 We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

5 Our Help is in *Jehovah*'s Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
He

He that upholds that wond'rous Frame.
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.
The Saints Trial and Safety.

1 UNshaken as the sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well
Old *Salem*'s happy Ground,
As those eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint surround.

3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
To drive them near to GOD,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell.
Shall smite his Followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, *moderated Afflictions.*

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on GOD;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

2 As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground, So

So God and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

3 What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet left it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope, and Love, and every Grace
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saints;
The God of *Israel* will support
His Children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprizing Deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, & Grace our Theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
Which cheerful Notes thy Love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so;
With God we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

4 The

4 The Man that in his furrow'd Field,
His scatter'd Seed with Sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the Harvest yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
The Grace appear'd so great.

2 The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confess;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And sung surprizing Grace.

3 "*Great is the Work*, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r divine;
"*Great is the Work*, my Heart reply'd,
"*And be the Glory thine.*

4 The Lord can clear the darkest Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise
To Rivers of Delight.

5 Let those that sow in Sadness wait
Till the fair Harvest come,
They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
And shout the Blessings home.

6 Tho' Seed lie buried long in Dust,
It shan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
For Grace insures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Blessing of GOD on the Business & Comfort of Life.

1 IF GOD succeed not, all the Cost
And Pains to build the House are lost,
If GOD the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your Bread,
To shun that Poverty you dread.

3 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us Rest:
Children and Friends are Blessings too,
If GOD our Sov'reign make them so.

4 Happy the Man to whom he sends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How sweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are season'd with his Love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.
GOD all in all.

1 IF GOD to build the House deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An useless Watch maintain.

2 Before the Morning Beams arise.
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars ascend the Skies
Your tiresome Toil pursue.

3 Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare;
In vain, till GOD has blest;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You shall have Food and Rest.

4 Nor

4 Nor Children. Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Bleſſings.

1 O Happy Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to GOD their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings home.

5 This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Perſecutors puniſh'd.

1 UP from my Youth, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conſtant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage,
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper Age,
But not destroy'd my Life.

3 Their cruel Plow had torn my Flesh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
Nor let my Sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye,
Measur'd the Mischiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

5 How was their Insolence surpriz'd
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of *Zion* seiz'd
With Horror to the Soul.

6 Thus shall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blasted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.]

8 [So Corn that on that House-top stands,
No Hope of Harvest gives;
The Reaper ne'er shall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.
Pardoning Grace.

1 OUT of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

2 Great GOD, ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are Pardons with my GOD
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood
To draw us near to Thee.

4 [I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul invited by thy Word
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

5 [Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:

6 So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Openings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

7 Then in the Lord let *Iſrael* truſt,
Let *Iſrael* ſeek his Face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his Grace.

8 There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son:
And *Iſrael* ſhall be ſav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.
Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep Distress and troubl'd Thoughts,
To Thee, my GOD, I rais'd my Cries:
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my GOD his Face display?

4 My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

5 Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.
Humility and Submission.

1 IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious GOD, and see;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind
Shall have a large Reward: Let

Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13---18. Long Metre.
At the Settlement of a Church; or, *The Ordination of a Minister.*

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our GOD,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?

2 The GOD of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Zion* for his antient Rest;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.

3 Here I will fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my Power and Love be known
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

4 Here will I meet the hung'ry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door
With sweet Provisions shall be fed.

5 Girded with Truth, and cloath'd with Grace,
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine;
Not *Aaron* in his costly Dress
Made an Appearance so divine.

6 The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing,
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

7 [*Jesus* shall see a numerous Seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head
While all his Foes are cloath'd with Shame.

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Com. Met.

A Church eſtabliſh'd.

1 [NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
His Ark was ſettled there:
To *Zion* the whole Nation came,
To worſhip thrice a Year.

3 But we have no ſuch Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy Saints aſſemble now
There is a Houſe for GOD.

PAUSE

4 Ariſe, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt,
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

6 Here, mighty GOD, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let GOD's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

2 When Streams of Love from Christ the Spring
Descend to ev'ry Soul,
And heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the Whole.

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On *Aaron*'s rev'rend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the Morning Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where GOD his mildest Glory shews,
And makes his Grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints: or, *Love and Worship in a Family.*

1 BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one,
Whose kind Designs to serve and please
Through all their Actions run.

2 Blest is the pious House
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows
Make their Communion sweet.

3 Thus when on *Aaron*'s Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

4 Thus on the heavenly Hills
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122*d* Pſalm.
The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move,
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

2 'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;
The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

3 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighbouring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Thro' every friendly Soul,
Where Love like heavenly Dew diſtils.
Repeat the firſt Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.
Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey th' Immortal King,
Attend his holy Place;
Bow to the Glories of his Power,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.

2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-light,
And ſend your Souls on high;
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.

3 The

3 The God of *Zion* chears our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace;
The God that ſpreads the Heavens abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1--4, 14, 19--21. *Firſt Part.*
Long Metre.
The Church is GOD's Houſe and Care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

2 Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To Praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ:
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

3 The Lord himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he ſends.

4 Thro' every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod;
He gives his ſuffering Servants Reſt,
And will be known *Th' Almighty GOD.*

5 Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love,
People and Prieſts exalt his Name:
Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM CXXXV. Ver. 5---12. *Second Part.*
The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Deſtruction of Enemies.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all Powers, and every Throne;
Whate'er

Whate'er he pleaſe in Earth and Sea,
Or Heaven, or Hell, his Hand hath done.

2 At his Command the Vapours riſe,
The Lightings flaſh, the Thunders roar;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempeſt from his airy Store.

3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful Tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, thro' thy ſtubborn Land;
When all thy firſt-born, Beaſts and Men,
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

4 What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He ſlew, and their whole Country gave
To *Iſrael*, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s Slave.

5 His Power the ſame, the ſame his Grace,
That ſaves us from the Hoſts of Hell:
And Heaven he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe Apoſtate Angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to GOD, not to Idols.

1 AWAKE, ye Saints: To praiſe your King
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ:
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

3 Heaven, Earth and Sea confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the ſounding Skies.

4 All

4 All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah*'s known.

5 Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust
Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring Dust,
And pray to God in vain.

6 [Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave :
Their Feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor Hands have Pow'r to save.

7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray ;
Mortals that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O *Britain*, know thy living God, *New England*
Serve him with Faith and Fear ;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Isreal, *and Salvation of his People.*

1 GIVE Thanks to God the sov'reign Lord ;
His Mercies still endure,
And be the King of Kings ador'd,
His Truth is ever sure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wisdom done !
How mighty is his Hand !
Heav'n, Earth and Sea, he fram'd alone ;
How wide is his Command !

3 The

3 The Sun supplies the Day with Light:
How bright his Counsels shine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all divine.

4 [He struck the Sons of *Egypt* dead:
How dreadful is his Rod!
And thence with Joy his People led:
How gracious is our GOD!

5 He cleft the swelling Sea in two;
His Arm is great in Might:
And gave the Tribes a Passage thro';
His Power and Grace unite.

6 But *Pharaoh*'s Army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his Ways!
And brought his Saints thro' desart Ground:
Eternal be his Praise.

7 Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand;
Victorious is his Sword;
While *Israel* took the promis'd Land:
And faithful is his Word.]

8 He saw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move:
How sad the State the World was in!
How boundless was his Love!

9 He sent to save us from our Woe;
His Goodness never fails;
From Death and Hell, and every Foe;
And still his Grace prevails.

10 Give Thanks to GOD the heavenly King;
His Mercies still endure,
Let the whole Earth his Praises sing;
His Truth is ever sure.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148*th* Psalm.

1 GIVE Thanks to God moſt High,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſovereign King of Kings:
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

2 How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heavens alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

3 His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To chear the darkſome Night.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

4 [He ſmote the firſt-born Sons,
The Flower of *Egypt*, dead:
And thence his choſen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

5 His

5 His Power and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two;
And for his People made
A wondrous Paſſage thro'.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there
With all his Hoſt he drown'd;
And brought his *Iſrael* ſafe
Thro' a long deſart Ground.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PAUSE.

7 The Kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
Poſſeſſion of their Land.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.]

8 He ſaw the Nations lie,
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

9 He

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From *Satan*, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Foe.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

10 Give Thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridg'd.* Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our God immortal Praise!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways!
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known *no more.*

3 He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

4 He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine *no more.*

5 The

5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

6 He saw the *Gentiles* dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign *no more.*

7 He sent his Son with Power to save
From Guilt and Darkness, and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

8 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heavenly Seat:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be *no more.*

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

[1 WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my Song;
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

2 Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witness my Devotions there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

3 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Power and Glory show.

4 To GOD I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes:

He

He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.

5 The God of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great,
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

7 Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The All-seeing GOD.

1 LORD, Thou hast search'd, and seen me thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their Powers.

2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak
E'er from my opening Lips they break.

3 Within thy circling Power I stand
On every Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul with all the Powers I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

5 *O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE. I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

7 If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.

8 If mounted on a Morning-Ray
I fly beyond the *Western* Sea,
Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray
Wou'd kindle Darkness into Day.

10 *O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE. II.

11 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
Thro' Midnight Shades as blazing Noon.

12 Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great GOD they're both alike to Thee,
Not Death can hide what GOD will spy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

13 O

13 *O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* LongMetre.
The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came
A Work of such a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

2 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay:
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

3 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign Councils fram'd,
The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart,
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

4 At last to shew my Maker's Name,
GOD stamp'd his Image on my Frame,
And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.

5 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man,
Great GOD, our Infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Power of Numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before

Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The numerous Wonders of thy Grace.

8 These on my Heart are still impress't,
With these I give my Eyes to Rest;
And at my waking Hour I find
God and his Love possess my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity profest, and Grace try'd; or, *The Heart searching GOD.*

1 MY God, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men transgress thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

2 Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Those that oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my Soul, try every Thought
Though my own Heart accuse me not,
Of walking in a false Disguise,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

4 Doth secret Mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

GOD is every where.

1 IN all my vast Concerns with Thee
In vain my Soul would try
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My rising and my Rest,

My

My publick Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

3 My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

4 O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on every Side.

5 So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from every Ill,
Secur'd by ſovereign Love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where ſhall guilty Souls retire
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

7 Shou'd I ſuppreſs my vital Breath
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

8 If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
I fly beyond the *Weſt*,
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Wou'd ſoon betray my Reſt.

9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
The flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

10 The

10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour
Are both alike to Thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Wisdom of GOD in the Formation of Man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work ; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

2 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possest
Where unborn Nature grew ;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

3 Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of every Part ;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

4 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire and Wind
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill ;
But I review my self, and find
Diviner Wonders still.

5 Thy awful Glories round me shine,
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise ;
Lord to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Mercies of GOD innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprize ;
Not all the Sand that spread the Shore,
To equal Numbers rise.

2 My

2 My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

3 These on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning Incense in thine House,
And let my nightly Worship rise
Sweet as the Evening Sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

3 O may the Righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my Head.

4 When I behold them prest with Grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

GOD is the Hope of the Helpless.

1 TO God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I sought Relief
In long Complaints before his Throne;
I pour'd out all my Grief.

2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

3 On every Side I cast mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near,
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here.

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad Prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name,
And holy Men shall join with me,
Thy Kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.

2 Let Judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in Pity, Lord, and see
The mighty Woes that burthen me;

Down

Down to the Duſt my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in Darkneſs and unſeen,
My Heart is deſolate within :
My Thoughts in muſing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.

5 Thence I derive a Glimpſe of Hope
To bear my ſinking Spirits up ;
I ſtretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirſt like parched Lands for Rain.

6 For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy ſmiling Face return ?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove,
And GOD for ever hide his Love ?

7 My GOD, thy long Delay to ſave,
Will ſink thy Priſoner to the Grave ;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye ;
Make haſte to help before I die.

8 The Night is Witneſs to my Tears,
Diſtreſſing Pains, diſtreſſing Fears ;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my wearied Powers rejoyce !

9 In Thee I truſt, to Thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high ;
For Thee ſit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tireſome Hours away.

10 Break off my Fetters, Lord, and ſhow,
Which is the Path my Feet ſhould go :
If Snares and Foes beſet the Road,
I flee to hide me near my GOD.

11 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heavenly Hill ;

Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

12 Then shall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then shall rage in vain;
And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *First Part.* Ver. 1, 2.
Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Instructs me to the heavenly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part.* Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.
The Vanity of Man, and Condescention of GOD.

1 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the Dust.

2 O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That GOD should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?

3 That GOD who darts his Lightnings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wond'rous is his Love! PSALM

PSALM CXLIV. *Third Part.* Ver. 12--15.

Grace above Riches ; or, *The happy Nation.*

1 HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters bright as polish'd Stones
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle, and Corn, have large Increase;
Where Men securely work or sleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

3 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the All-sufficient GOD
Himself with all his Grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of GOD.

1 MY GOD, my King, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear ;
And every setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream ;
Thy Mercy swift ; thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

4 Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine ;
And speak thy Majesty divine ;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

5 Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds?
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

PSALM CXLV. 1--7, 11--13. *First Part.*
The Greatness of GOD

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my GOD of Love;
My Work and Joy shall be the same,
In the bright World above.

2 Great is the Lord, his Power unknown,
And let his Praise be great;
I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

3 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

5 Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall through the World be known;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State
With publick Splendor shown.

6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom stands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM

PSALM CXLV. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, &c.
The Goodness of GOD.

1. SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my Heavenly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies:
Through the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And ev'ry Want supplies.

3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

4 How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!
How slow thine Anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning Word
To chear the Souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless Race
Thy Power and Praise proclaim;
But Saints that taste thy richer Grace
Delight to bless thy Name.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*
Mercy to Sufferers; or, *GOD hearing Prayer.*

1 LET every Tongue thy Goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raise the Poor that fall.

2 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and Juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

4 He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry.
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

5 His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls, whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

6 [His ſtubborn Foes his Sword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his Aid in vain.]

7 [My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raiſe
The Honours of their GOD.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, My Heart ſhall join
In Works ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the Fleſh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to GOD.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt Powers,
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;

Their

Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power,
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour.

4 Happy the Man, whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s GOD : He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

5 His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure :
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor ;
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,
And grants the Priſoner ſweet Releaſe.

6 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind :
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.

7 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell :
Thy GOD, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113*th* Pſalm.

Praiſe to GOD for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath ;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs :
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt ;
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt ;
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood ;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

3 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
On *Israel's* God; He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train;
His Truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' Oppress, he feeds the Poor,
And none shall find his Promise vain.

4 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind:
The Lord supports the sinking Mind;
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

5 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell!
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns;
Let every Tongue, let every Age,
In this exalted Work engage:
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *First Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'Tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make his Duty our Delight.

2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*.
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His Mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

3 He

3 He form'd the Stars thoſe heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names,
His Wiſdom vaſt and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his Might;
And all his Glories infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

6 He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn;
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

7 What is the Creatures Skill or Force
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb;
All are too mean Delights for him.

8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight:
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for *America*.

1 COLUMBA praiſe thy mighty GOD,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow:
Not Bars of Braſs could guard thee ſo.

2 Thy

2 Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest;
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thy early and thy later Rains;
His Flakes of Snow, like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.

4 With hoary Frost he strews the Ground;
His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound:
Where is the Man so vainly bold,
That dares deny his dreadful Cold?

5 He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow;
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow:
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
Amongst us to our Land than Praise.

6 To all the His his Laws are shown;
His Gospel through the Nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9, 15—18. Com Met.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 WITH Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.

2 He sends his Show'rs of Blessing down
To chear the Plains below;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;

But

But Man who taſtes his fineſt Wheat
Should raiſe his Honours high.

4 His ſteady Counſels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

5 His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow,
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In Icy Fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the ratt'ling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his GOD defy
Shall find his Courage fail.

7 He ſends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word:
With Songs and Honour ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the Sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Creatures.

1 YE Tribes of *Adam* join
With Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praiſe.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praise,
With Stars of twinkling Light.
His Power declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

3 The shining Worlds above,
In glorious Order stand,
Or in swift Courses move,
By his supreme Command.
He spake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages past,
And each his Word fulfils
While Time and Nature last.
In different Ways
His Works proclaim
His wondrous Name,
And speak his Praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the Earth-born Race,
And Monsters of the Deep,
The Fish that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Bosom sleep.
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's Power.

6 Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy Winds that blow
To execute his Word.
When Lightnings shine,
Or Thunders roar,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

7 Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size
That Fruit in Plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies and Worms,
In various Forms
Exalt his Name.

8 Ye Kings and Judges fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly Honours sing:
Nor let the Dream
Of Power and State
Make you forget
His Power supreme.

9 Virgins, and Youths, engage
To sound his Praise divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His Name be sung
By every Tongue
In endless Strains.

10 Let all the Nations fear
The God that rules above;

He

He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love :
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praiſe.
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in* Long Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe to GOD.

1 LOUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord
From diſtant Worlds where Creatures dwell :
Let Heav'n begin the ſolemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

Note. *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old* 112th *or* 127th *Pſalm, if theſe two Lines be added to every Stanza* (viz.)

Each of his Works his Name diſplays,
For they can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual Tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord ! how abſolute he reigns !
Let ev'ry Angel bend his Knee ;
Sing of his Love in heav'nly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrors be.

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs :
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare ;
And the ſweet Whiſper of his Name
Fill ev'ry gentler Breeze of Air.

5 Let

5 Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praise with blazing Fire;
Let the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this eternal Song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry Plains proclaim his Skill;
Vallies lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praise from ev'ry Hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring Sky.

7 Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:
Praise him, ye Beasts, in diff'rent Strains;
The Lamb must bleat, the Lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his Praise your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you:
While the dumb Fish that cut the Stream
Leap up and mean his Praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you sings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains and lofty Kings!

10 Wide as his vast Dominion lies
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,
And sound it lofty as his Throne.

11 *Jehovah!* 'tis a glorious Word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry Tongue!
But Saints, who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.

12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry Chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujah*'s to the Lord.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

1 LET ev'ry Creature join
To Praise th' eternal GOD;
Ye heav'nly Hosts, the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

3 He built those Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame;
By his Command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory show.

5 Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints that taste his saving Love
Should sing his Praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praise:
Praise him, ye wat'ry Worlds below,
And Monsters of the Seas.

8 From

8 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

9 Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praiſe.

10 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praiſes bear;
Or ſit on flow'ry Boughs, and ſing
Your Maker's Glory there.

11 Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wiſdom ſhow,
And Flies in all your ſhining Swarms,
Praiſe him that dreſt you ſo.

12 By all the Earth-born Race,
His Honours be expreſs'd,
But Saints that know his heavenly Grace,
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide Command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King,
Judges, adore that ſovereign Hand,
Whence all your Honours ſpring.

14 Let vigorous Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſes high;
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

15 United Zeal be ſhown
His wondrous Frame to raiſe;
GOD is the Lord: His Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

16 Let

16 Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him bleſt,
But Saints that dwell ſo near his Heart
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praiſe GOD, all his Saints ; or, The Saints judging the World.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoyce,
And let your Songs be new ;
Amidſt the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders ſhew.

2 The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing ;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praiſe
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn
The Meek that lie deſpiſe'd in Duſt
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4 Saints ſhould be joyful in their King
E'en on a dying Bed :
And like the Souls in Glory ſing,
For GOD ſhall raiſe the Dead.

5 Then his high Praiſe ſhall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands ſhall wield the Sword :
And Vengeance ſhall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the Lord.

6 When *Chriſt* his Judgment-ſeat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then

Then shall they rule with Iron Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their GOD,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

The Royal Sinners bound in Chains
New Triumph shall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.
A Song of Praise.

IN GOD's own House pronounce his Praise,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

Let all your sacred Passions move,
While you rehearse his Deeds;
But the great Work of saving Love
Your highest Praise exceeds.

All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul shall praise him best.

The *Christian Doxology.*
Long Metre.

TO GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
And GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

Common Metre.

ET GOD the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd
Where here are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

Common

Common Metre, *where the Tune includes two Stanza's.*

I.

THE GOD of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who saves by his redeeming *Word*,
And New-creating *Breath*.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113*th Psalm.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Praise and Glory giv'n.
Thro' all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

As the 148*th Psalm.*

TO GOD the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raise;
Glory to GOD the Son,
To GOD the Spirit Praise:
With all our Powers,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

An INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm, may easily be found by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

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Y

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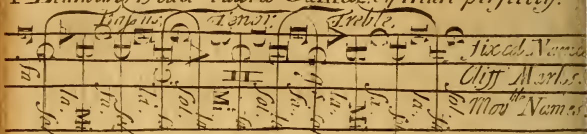
THE END.

1 To learn to ſing, obſerve THESE RULES.

1 *Learn this Scale called* Gamut *by Heart perfectly.*



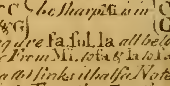
Observe each Line and Space is a diſtinct Key. B is Mi natural Place which produces two natural Keys, one ending in C which is Sharp, the other in A which is flatt: but to ſuit the various Tunes to the five lines in Treble & Baſs the Tune ends in ſome other Key & Mi is then Accommodated to its natural Place by Flatts & Sharps ſett at the Beginning of the Tune which runs thro the whole Tune unleſs where a contrary Flatt or sharp is placed

2 *Find the* Mi. *Obſerve the last Note of the Tune is the Key. A greater Third (two whole Notes) above the Key is a Sharp Key: a leſser Third (one Note & half) above the Key is a flatt Key. In all Sharp Keys the half Note below is* Mi. *In all flatt Keys the whole Note above the Key is* Mi. *or thus*

if (B / B & E / B E & A) *be Flatt* Mi *is in* (E / A / D) *but if* (F / F & C / F C & G) *be Sharp* Mi *is in* (F / C / G)

3 *Name your Notes right All Notes above* Mi *aſcending are* fa sol la *all below* Mi *deſcending are* la sol fa *Every Eighth is the same From* Mi *to fa & la to fa are half Notes. A* ✱ *raiſes a Note half a Note higher; a* b *ſinks it half a Note lower 4 Keep Time. Common Time is thus marked* C *Triple Time thus* 3 *or slower* 3/2 *the Proportion of Time is thus.*

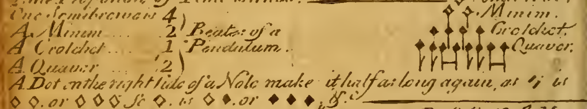
One Semibreve is 4)
A Minim ... 2) *Beats of a*
A Crotchet ... 1) *Pendulum.*
A Quaver ... ½)



A Dot on the right ſide of a Note make it half as long again, as ◊. *is* ◊ ◊. *or* ◊ ◊ ◊ *So* ◊. *is* ◊ ◆. *or* ◆ ◆ ◆. *&c.*

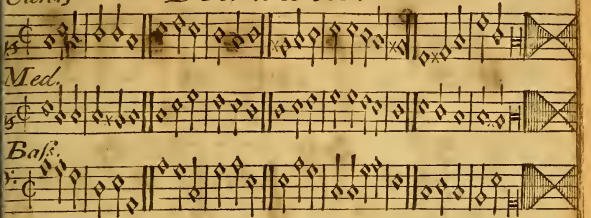
5 *Obſerve your Marks. as* G sol re ut *Cliff Medius* 𝄢 *Baſs Cliff. the Medius is uſually now wrote on the* G sol re ut *Cliff.* ✓ *directs to the next Note.* 𝄇 *repeat the Part.* ✱ *Sharp* b *Flatt.* ⌒ ‿ *Slurrs.*

6 *Make yourſelf Maſter of this plain Song First*

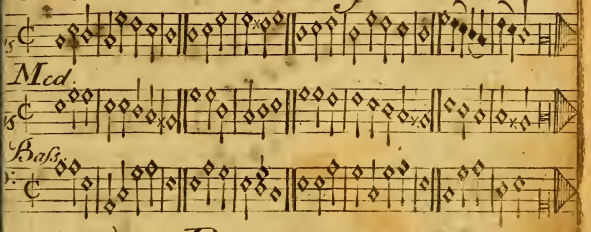


Engrav'd Printed & ſold by Thomas Johnston Brattle Street Boston 1755

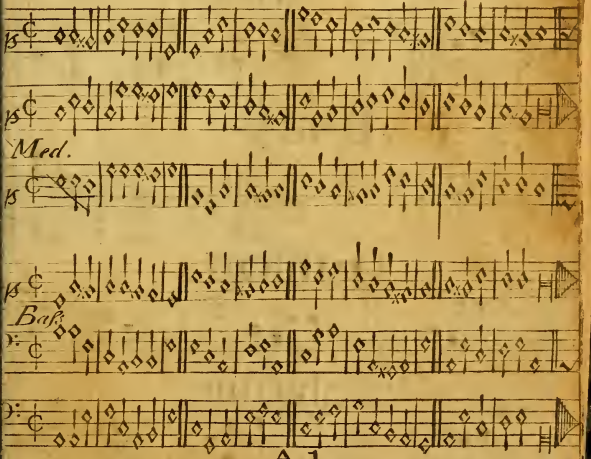
Cant. Southwell.

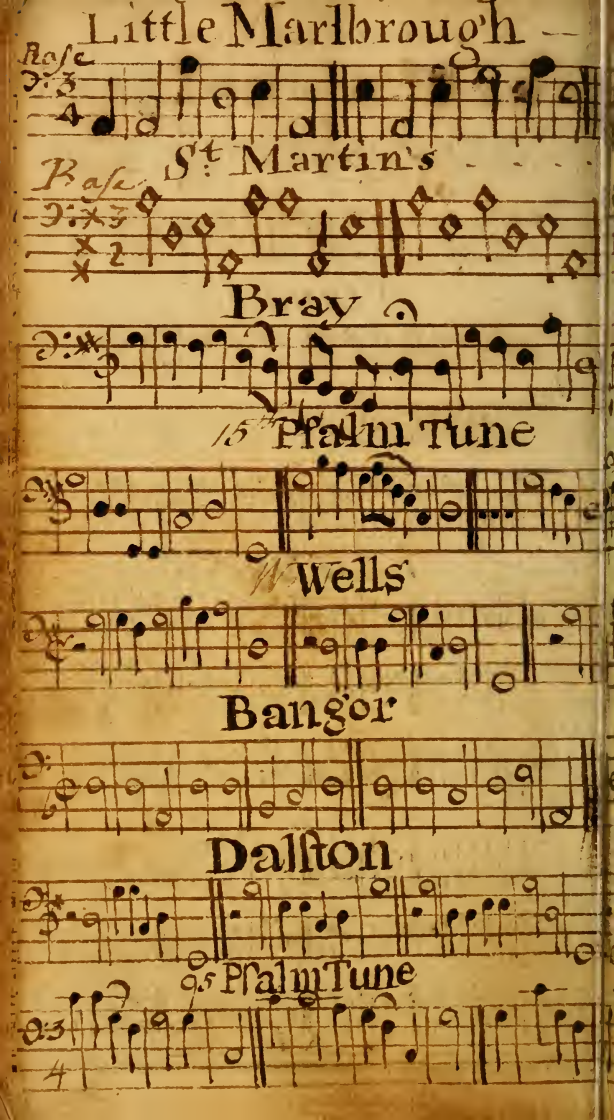


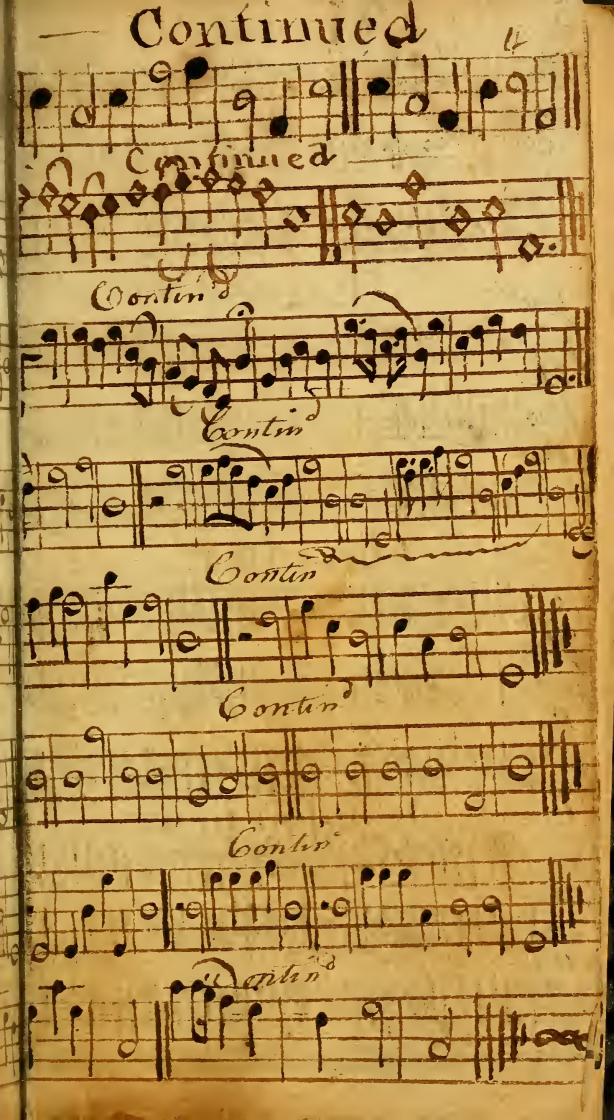
Cant. Standish.



Cant. PSALM XVIII.




Little Marlbrough
Base
St Martin's
Base
Bray
15th Psalm Tune
Wells
Bangor
Dalston
95 Psalm Tune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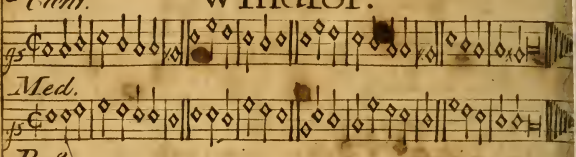
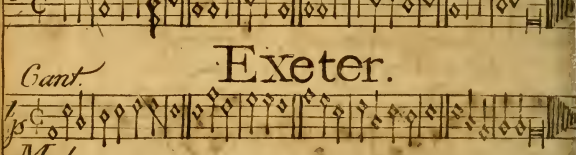
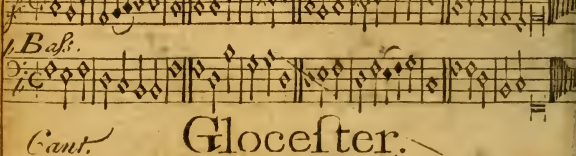
3 Cant. Windsor.



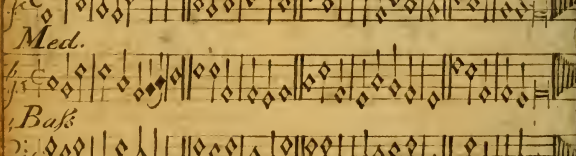
Cant. Exeter.

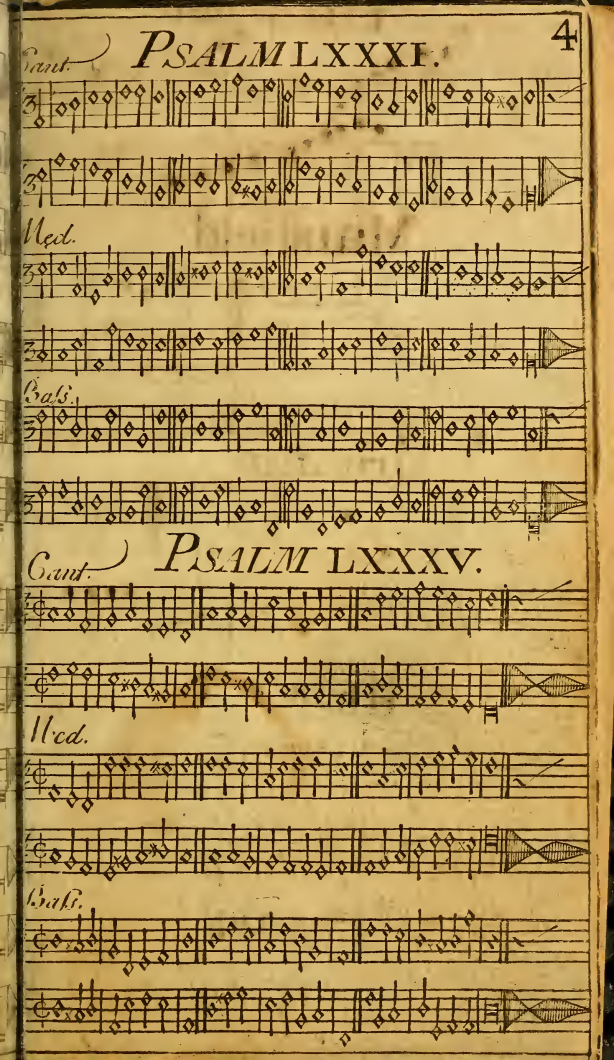


Cant. Glocester.

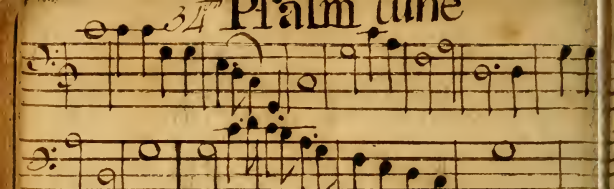


Cant. London new.



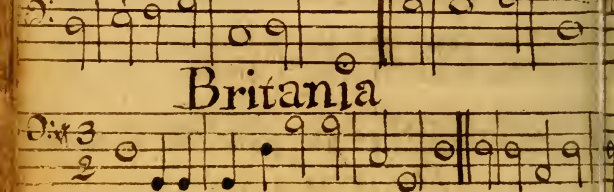

Cant.
PSALM LXXXI.
Med.
Bass.
Cant.
PSALM LXXXV.
Med.
Bass.

Psalm tune

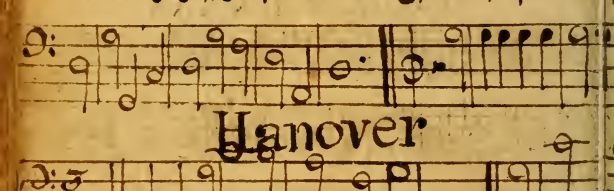


Mansfield

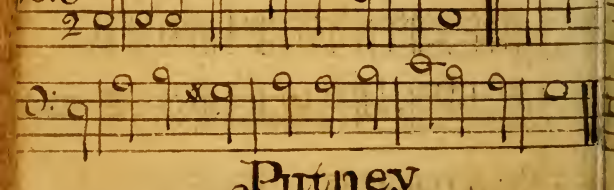
Britania

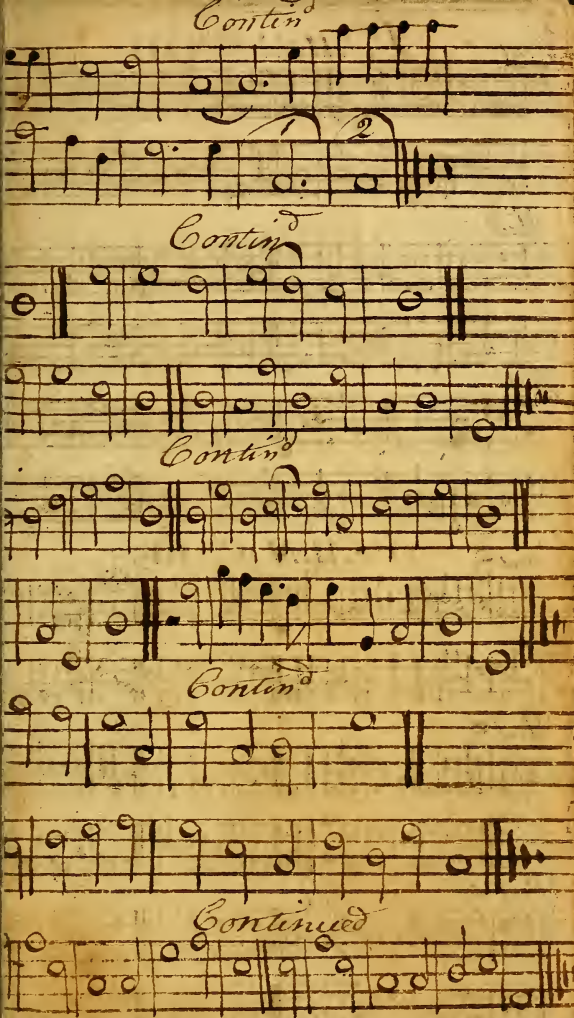


Hanover



Putney

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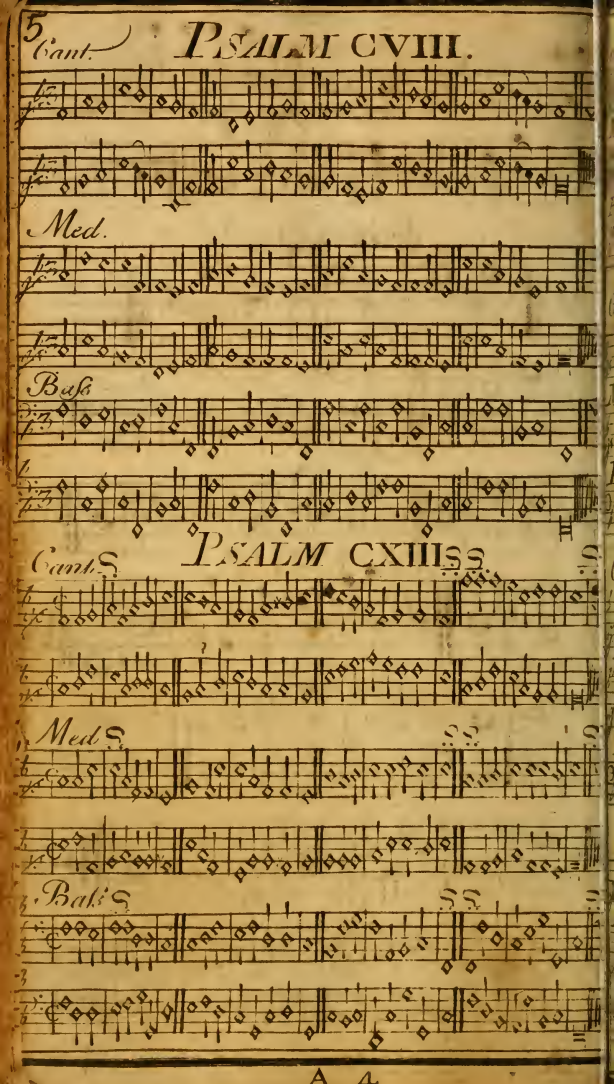
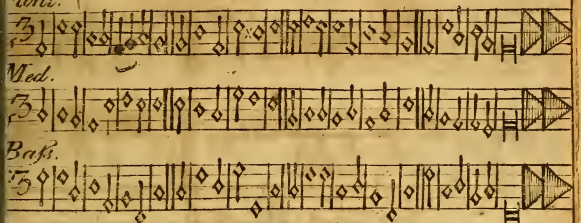
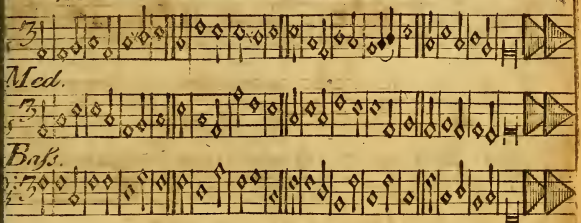

5
Cant.
PSALM CVIII.
Med.
Bass
PSALM CXIII
Cant.
Med.
Bass

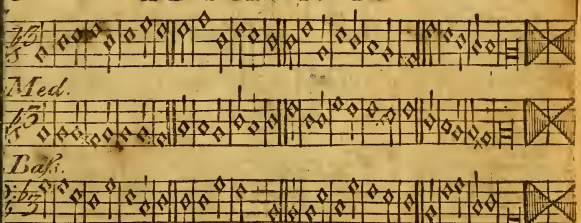
Cant. Mear.



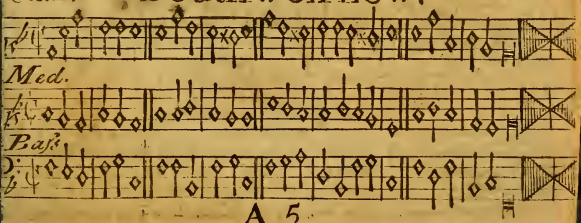
Cant. Namur *or* Portsmouth.



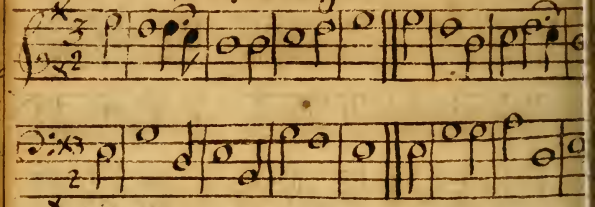
Cant. Manchester.



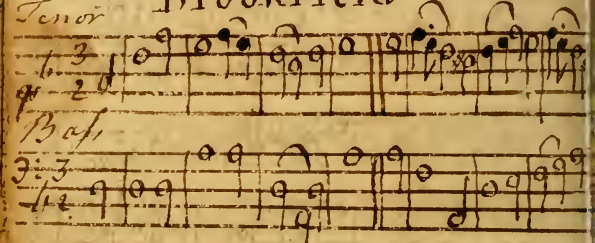
Cant. Southwell new.



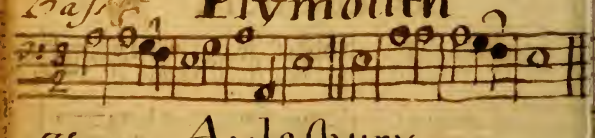
Tenor Wantage



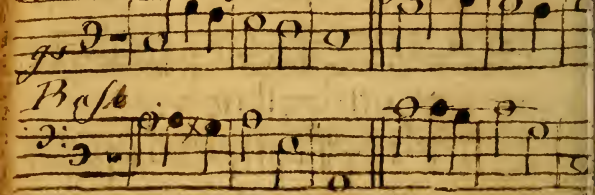
Tenor Brookfield



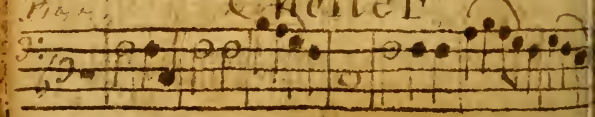
Bass Plymouth



Tenor Aylesbury



Bass Chester



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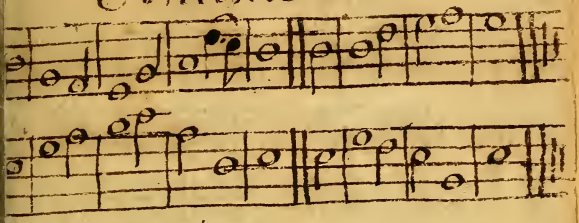

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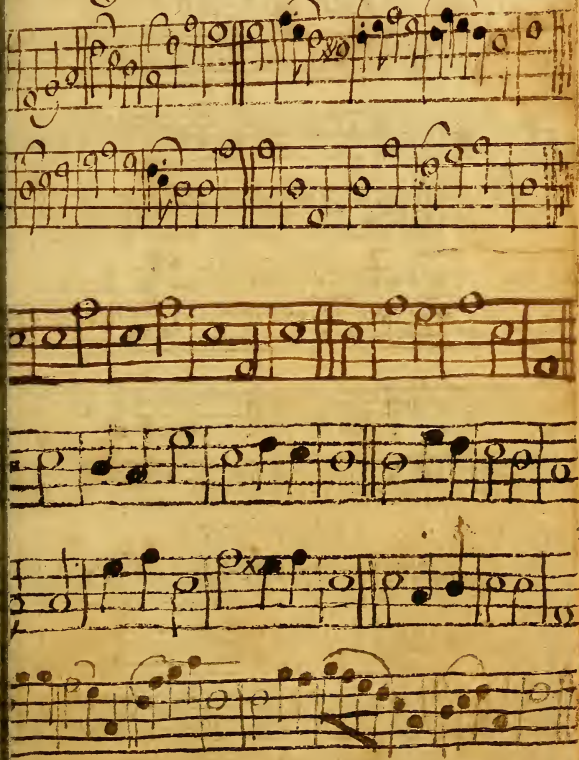
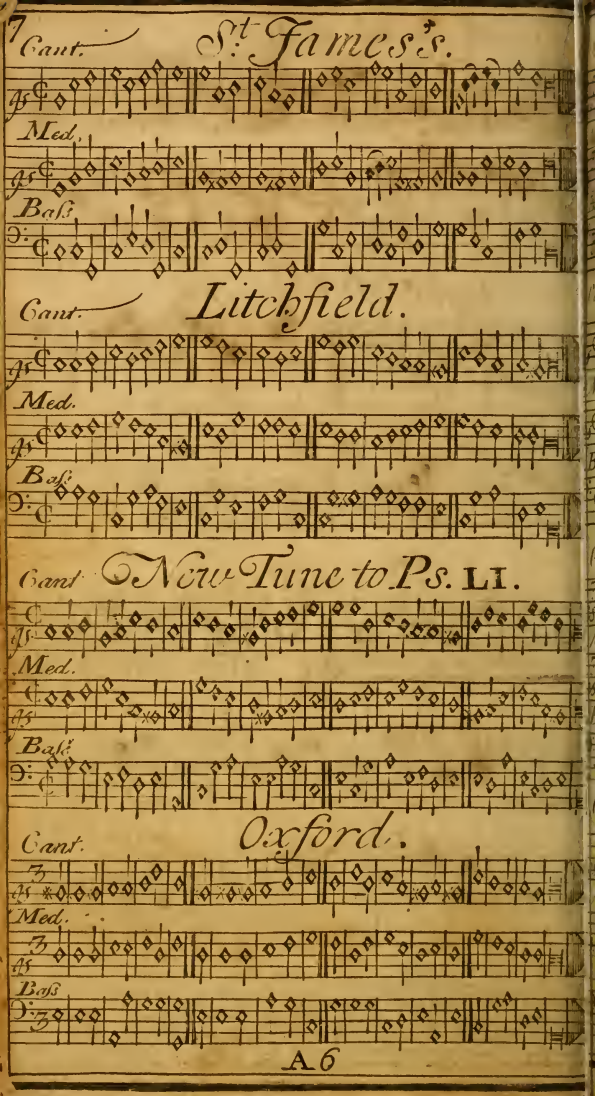
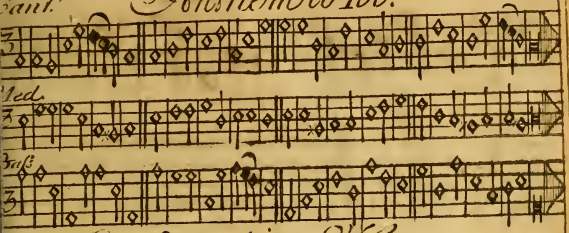
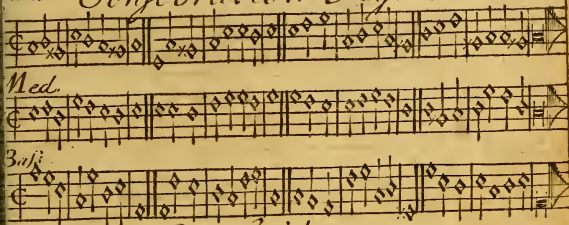



Cant.
St. James's.
Med.
Bass.
Cant.
Litchfield.
Med.
Bass.
Cant
New Tune to Ps. LI.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
Oxford.
Med.
Bass

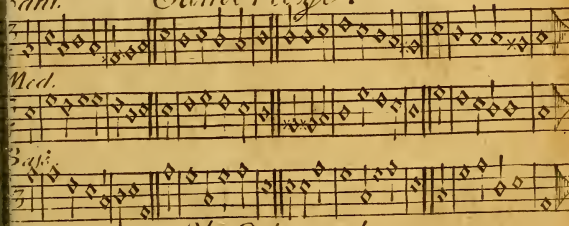
Cant. Anthem to 100.



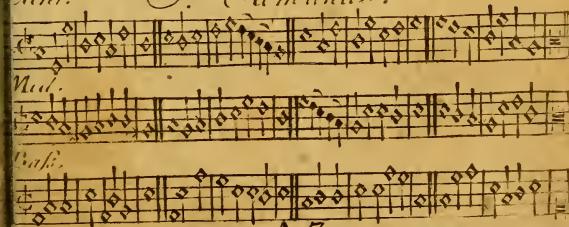
Cant. Consecration Hymn.



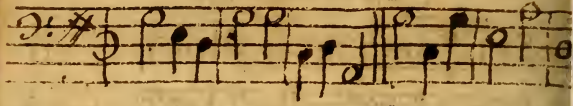
Cant. Cambridge.

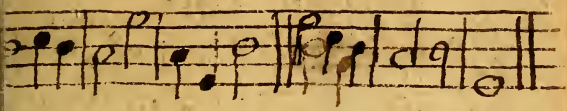


Cant. St. Edmunds.



Rochester





9 Cant PSALM 136.

Rest

Bass

Rest

Palatine Hymn.

Altus. 5. above

Discantus. 3d from Bass

Tenor. Unison w.th Bass.

Bass.

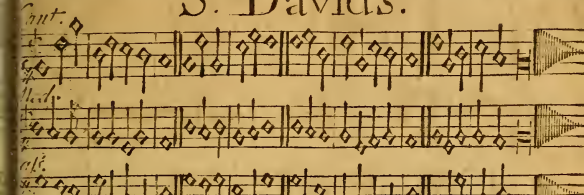
Tenor. Buckland or Bath

Altus.

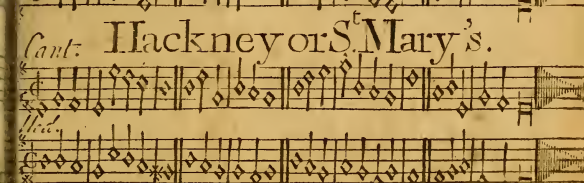
Med.

Bass.

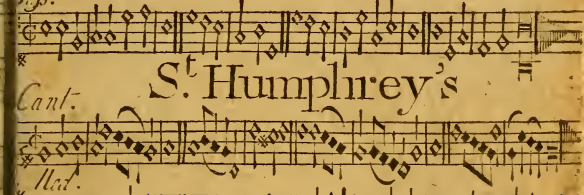
St. David's.



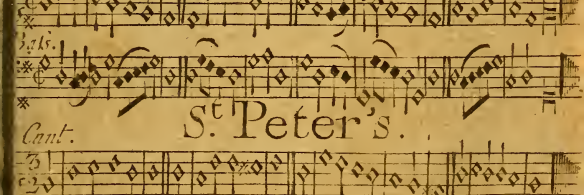
Hackney or St. Mary's.



St. Humphrey's



St. Peter's.



Martyr.

Cant.

Med.

Bass

Mercifier.

Cant.

Med.

Bass.

Sabbath Hymn.

Cant.

Med.

Bass.

Query.

Cant.

Med.

Bass.

Watts, E., D. D. The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament and applied to Christian State and Worship. Full morocco. Boston by D. & J. Kneeland in Queen Street for J. Wharton and N. Bowes at the corner Shop over against the Old Brick meeting house, 1761, very rare. $8.50.